

Dragon Trainer, Dragon Speaker

by YinYangWriter

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, OC, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-05-29 02:21:53

Updated: 2014-06-05 21:49:38

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:55:15

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 22,242

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Hiccup is captured by Outcasts, he meets a rider and his dragon from a different island. But these two aren't what they seem, especially the rider. Berk will never be the same after this. Part one of a multi-part story that begins before the Season 1 finale.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*It has been a while since I posted anything new. Right now I probably should be working on my other stories that others have been waiting for me to update, but I had this idea and couldn't let it go. I wanted to get some of it up before How To Train Your Dragon 2 released. Keep in mind, when I first started this story, I knew nothing about what the second movie was going to be about. You will find multiple OCs in this story, both human and dragon. This is the first part of a series that will span over more than one universe. I will let you know when the next story will come out and where it will be posted. I do not own How To Train Your Dragon, but I own the OCs. As always, feel free to review after reading; I take all reviews. If anyone wants to create some fan art based on some of my characters, I would greatly appreciate it if you would send me a link to the picture because I would like to see what some people imagine my characters to look like on paper. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless and Hiccup were soaring over the ocean. The sun had just come up and they wanted to get some flying in before breakfast and dragon training.</p>

"What do you think, bud?" Hiccup asked Toothless, looking down.

Toothless looked down as well and saw a school of fish swimming below them. The Night Fury dove down into the water and came back up with a

mouthful of fish and a sputtering Hiccup.

Hiccup glared at Toothless. The Night Fury knew he wasn't in trouble. He swallowed his fish and laughed his dragon laugh.

"We should start heading back," said Hiccup.

Toothless turned around and started for Berk.

They heard it before they saw it. It was a strange whistling noise. Hiccup and Toothless were hit with something and it wrapped tightly around them. Hiccup snapped forward and smacked his head hard off of Toothless' back and everything was black.

\* \* \*

><p>Groaning, Hiccup opened his eyes. He tried to move, but found his hands tied. It was very dim wherever he was.</p>

"Toothless," Hiccup called. "Toothless!"

"'Ow cute," said a rough voice. A large form stepped forward. "'Ello, 'Iccup."

Hiccup's eyes widened. "Alvin."

"Ye won't be finding yer precious dragon anytime soon," said Alvin. He reached down and grabbed Hiccup by the front of the shirt. Alvin held him at eye-level. Hiccup cringed at the smell of the Outcast's breath.

"What have you done with him?" asked Hiccup.

"I 'ad a little fun with 'im," said Alvin. He laughed at Hiccup's horrified expression. "Now, 'Iccup, I know killing the Night Fury would be a stupid move. After all, if I did that, I wouldn't have any leverage on ye. No, 'e's very much alive. But now I've a bit of a problem. Maybe ye can 'elp me with."

"I won't train dragons for you," hissed Hiccup. "I won't tell you how to do it either."

"I don't need ye, too," said Alvin. "At least not at the moment. You see, 'Iccup, my problem is I 'ave you, a Night Fury, another dragon I know nothing about, and a boy who thinks 'e's a dragon."

Hiccup's eyes went wide at the last statement.

"What I need from ye is to train the boy," said Alvin. "After that, I 'ave no more use for ye."

"You'll let me go?" asked Hiccup.

"Of course," Alvin answered. "Trust me."

There was a sour taste in Hiccup's mouth. You could never trust an Outcast, especially one with the name Treacherous.

\* \* \*

><p>It was a long time before anyone came to Hiccup's cell. He spent the time trying to come up with a plan to save Toothless and the boy. Come to think of it, he should also try to save that other dragon, too.</p>

Savage, Alvin's right hand, came down. "Let's go, boy." He opened the cell door and dragged Hiccup out.

After being led down several tunnels, Hiccup was brought to an arena similar to the old kill ring back on Berk. He could hear the roars and snarls of dragons trapped inside the cages that lined the walls. Other Outcasts were trying to get the dragons under control.

Savage cut the Hiccup's bindings and pushed him into the ring.

Alvin looked down at him. "Ah, 'Iccup. So glad ye could join the party," he chuckled. "Let's see if yer as great a dragon trainer as ye think ye are."

The Outcasts left the ring.

"Release them!" shouted Alvin.

Two doors opened. One revealed a very large Monstrous Nightmare with yellow markings. The other revealed a boy Hiccup's age. Hiccup and the boy locked eyes for a moment. Hiccup was looking at pure blue eyes in a deathly pale face framed by shaggy dark hair. He wore a pair of midnight blue and black pants and his bare torso was covered in bruises and scratches.

The Monstrous Nightmare roared to get their attention. Both boys whirled around. The Monstrous Nightmare started going after Hiccup. Hiccup stayed out of its blind spot and put his hand up to show he was not going to hurt it. The Nightmare lit itself on fire. Hiccup shrank back. It opened its mouth.

There was a roar and the Nightmare turned away from Hiccup. Hiccup turned to the roar as well. He was expecting it to be coming from a dragon in one of the cages, but it came from the boy. The boy started growling at the Monstrous Nightmare, lowering himself into a crouch. He continued to growl as he approached the Nightmare, still low to the ground. The Nightmare had all his attention on the boy.

Hiccup could only stare at the sight.

The Nightmare looked from the boy to Hiccup and snorted, smoke coming from its nostrils. It then turned its attention to the Outcasts watching them from outside the ring. Then it turned back to the boy. It gave a very subtle nod before attacking the boy. It shot a blast of fire from its mouth. The boy rolled out of the way. The Nightmare turned to Hiccup and started after him. It gnashed its teeth at the small Viking as it chased him around the ring. The boy came and jumped on its head, running back the length of its body. Its tail came around and smacked the boy into the wall. Hiccup ran to the boy.

"Get up!" Hiccup urged.

Hiccup whirled around to see the Nightmare lighting itself on fire and stalking them. Hiccup did the one thing he could think of to save

himself and the boy. He put his hand up to tame the dragon. The Nightmare backed off, refusing to let Hiccup near it. Hiccup put his head down, looking away. The Nightmare came closer.

At the last moment, the boy jumped up and pulled Hiccup away, hissing at the dragon. The Nightmare roared.

Several Outcasts, including Alvin, stormed in and forced the Nightmare back into its cage.

"So close," said Alvin. He looked at the boy. "I would've 'ad it if ye wouldn't 'ave interfered." He kicked the boy and grabbed him by the hair.

Savage grabbed Hiccup and they were both led back to their cells.

Once there, Alvin gave the boy an extra beating for good measure and turned to Hiccup. "Whoever trains the dragons first, gets to live," he said. "Keep that in mind."

Hiccup stared at the boy across the dungeon from him. He was just picking himself up and sitting in front of the bars. Blue eyes met green and they stared at each other.

"Why did you do that?" Hiccup asked the boy. "Why did you pull me away? I could have gotten that Nightmare under control."

Blue eyes darted around. Hiccup thought the boy didn't want to talk to him. Then a rich, smooth voice said, "I know." The voice did not match the rough appearance of the boy.

"But why?" asked Hiccup.

"You'll see," said the boy.

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless was confined to a wall in his cell. There were other dragons in this prison, but all were given free movement around their cells. Toothless thought he was a special case. After all, he was a Night Fury, the smartest of the dragons. If any dragon could figure a way out of this, it was Toothless. However, Toothless was chained to the wall, his mouth muzzled, his wings strapped down, and his legs and tail bound.</p>

Two Outcasts came in and tried to force him to eat. The muzzle allowed a fish to slip through, but Toothless couldn't open his mouth wide enough to let loose a plasma blast. Even if he did, he still wouldn't be able to get free. Toothless kept his mouth shut. He wasn't going to eat or drink as long as Hiccup was kept prisoner as well. After a few minutes, the Outcasts gave it up and left.

"\*\*It has been many years since the last time I saw a Night Fury,\*\*" said a dragon's voice across the aisle.

Toothless turned as much as he could in his restraints. In the cell diagonal of him, he could just make out the form of a dark dragon that was similar to a Night Fury. Its body was midnight blue with a few black markings decorating it and its wings and claws were black.

Its face was narrower than Toothless' and the pure blue eyes were slanted more. Blue and black markings covered its face.

"\*\*There are not many of us left,\*\*" said Toothless. Green eyes narrowed. "\*\*What breed of dragon are you? I have never seen one with markings like yours.\*\*"

"\*\*All in good time,\*\*" said the mystery dragon. "\*\*But I believe there are more important things that need to be done than idle chatter.\*\*"

"\*\*You're right,\*\*" said Toothless. "\*\*I need to rescue my friend before the Outcasts kill him.\*\*"

"\*\*Mine as well. Do you know where your friend is?\*\*"

"\*\*They have probably taken him to that arena I saw,\*\*" said Toothless.

"\*\*Then you have nothing to worry about,\*\*" said the dragon. "\*\*My friend is there as well. He won't kill a dragon.\*\*"

"\*\*My friend is human,\*\*" said Toothless.

The dragon looked startled before giving a small laugh. "\*\*I should have known from your saddle. Still, my friend won't let any harm come to him as long as your friend doesn't attack him.\*\*" The dragon retreated back into the shadows.

"\*\*My name's Toothless. What's yours?\*\*"

The dragon turned its blue eyes to Toothless. "\*\*Toothless? An odd name. My name is Deathshriek. And don't worry; I'll make sure you get out of here.\*\*" The dragon disappeared into a dark corner of its cell.

"\*\*How?\*\*" Toothless quietly asked.

"\*\*You'll see,\*\*" Deathshriek's voice came from the shadows.

Toothless spent the night thinking about Deathshriek. There was very little he knew about him and it was a male: Toothless could tell by the smell and sound of his voice. And why would he be named Deathshriek? His voice was deep, nothing like a shriek. Maybe it was just his name as a hatchling and he never bothered to change it. And what about his friend? Would he look after Hiccup?

In the morning, the door to Hiccup's cell opened. He was pulled out along with the boy.

\* \* \*

><p>"Let's see if we can get it right today," said Alvin.</p>

They were led to the arena.

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless woke up to hear Deathshriek and another dragon

speaking.<p>

"\*\*He said you are to make the first move,\*\*" said a dragon beside Toothless' cell.

"\*\*Smart boy,\*\*" said Deathshriek. "Anything else?\*\*"

"\*\*He spoke of another human,\*\*" said the dragon. "One with a fake leg.\*\*"

"\*\*Hiccup!\*\*" cried Toothless.

"\*\*You know the other human?\*\*" asked the dragon.

"\*\*Yes, he is his friend,\*\*" said Deathshriek.

"\*\*Other human?\*\*" Toothless repeated. "Who's the other?\*\*"

"\*\*That would be my friend,\*\*" said Deathshriek. "He is an extraordinary boy, very smart. You were saying, Sunfire\*\*?"

The dragon, Sunfire, continued, "The Outcasts want to use us as weapons. They are cruel and heartless. They know nothing of life. I will serve no human like them!\*\*"

This got a few of the other dragons listening.

"\*\*Hiccup's not like that,\*\*" Toothless said.

"\*\*Hiccup?\*\*" a bunch of the dragons asked.

"\*\*My friend, the human with the fake leg you were talking about,\*\*" said Toothless. "It's because of him the Queen Dragon in this area is dead.\*\*"

There were hushed whispers.

"\*\*The boy killed a Queen Dragon?\*\*" asked Deathshriek.

"\*\*Yes,\*\*" said Toothless. "I helped, but it was his strategy. It cost him his leg though.\*\*"

"\*\*And I thought Grim was a force to behold,\*\*" said Deathshriek.  
"\*\*All right. We will escape tonight.\*\*"

"\*\*How?\*\*" asked the dragon beside Deathshriek, a purple hued Gronkle.

"\*\*You will see,\*\*" Deathshriek said cryptically. "For now, we wait and hope for the best.\*\*"

"\*\*Why not escape now?\*\*" asked a blue and orange Deadly Nadder from beside the Gronkle.

"\*\*Because the night will cover our escape,\*\*" said Deathshriek.  
"\*\*Humans have poor night vision, at least compared to us. Many of us are darkly colored and it will be simple to blend with the night sky. Others only need to stay to the darkest of shadows and they won't even see you\*\*."

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup and the boy spent the day dodging dragon fire. Hiccup was becoming annoyed with the boy. It was clear that he had a plan, but he wasn't sharing it with Hiccup. However the dragons they were facing seemed to purposefully missing them and only giving minor scratches and bruises.</p>

At the end of the day, they were thrown back into their cells without any food or water. The boy calmly sat in front of the cell door, waiting patiently for something.

"What are you waiting for?" Hiccup asked.

The boy gave him a smile.

\* \* \*

><p>Back with the dragons, Toothless and the other dragons were waiting for Deathshriek to begin the plan. They weren't entirely sure how they were going to get out of their cages. Deathshriek only said that once they are out of their cages that they were to run and take to the night sky as quickly as they possibly could.</p>

The Outcasts came around to see if they could feed Toothless. They walked passed Deathshriek's cage.

"Hey," said one of them, thumping the other to get his attention.  
"Where's the dragon?"

The other Outcast looked in. "Alvin's going to have our heads."

"How did it get out?" asked the first Outcast.

The second opened the cage door and ran in. "It's not in here!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, he was struck down and the first was sent toppling into the Nightmare's, Sunfire, cage bars. Sunfire tried to burn him, but missed. An invisible force hit the first Outcast and knocked him out.

Deathshriek suddenly appeared. He ran over to Sunfire's cage and slammed into the bars. The bars didn't give. For a moment, Deathshriek inspected the bars. He then took his front paws and forced them beneath the hinges. With all of his strength, Deathshriek pushed up. The hinges came apart and the cage door fell.

"\*\*Help me with the others,\*\*" he told Sunfire.

Sunfire answered by shooting at several cages, melting the hinges. The other dragons only had to slam themselves against the doors to get free.

"\*\*Hurry,\*\*" Deathshriek told them.

Other Nightmares and Deadly Nadders added to the fires to release the dragons who couldn't get free by themselves.

Sunfire and Deathshriek went to help Toothless. Sunfire got the door

open and Deathshriek rushed in and began tearing at the restraints, removing the muzzle and biting the straps that held him against the wall. With Toothless free, every dragon headed for the exit.

"\*\*I need to find Hiccup,\*\*" said Toothless.

Deathshriek nodded in agreement. They ran outside and Deathshriek screeched into the night. It was a sound to make any creature's blood run cold. Toothless looked at Deathshriek and his green eyes widened. The blue markings on his face had turned white and was giving the dragon a skull like appearance.

\* \* \*

><p>From their cells, Hiccup and the boy both heard the screeching sound.</p>

"What was that?" gasped Hiccup, jumping to his feet.

The boy simply grinned.

A moment later, two dragons came barging into the prison. One was Toothless and the other was a blue and black dragon with white facial markings. Toothless ran over to Hiccup's cell and tore the door clean off. The dragon did the same with the boy.

"Hurry," said the boy, jumping up on the blue and black dragon.

They raced from the prison and took to the air. The other dragons were in the distance now.

"Let's go home, buddy," said Hiccup.

Toothless roared in agreement and turned in the direction of Berk.

Hiccup turned around to see the boy and his dragon still following, only the dragon had lost its white markings. "What about you?" he called to the boy. "Where will you go?"

The boy shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "What do you think, Deathshriek?"

The dragon growled.

"Deathshriek?" asked Hiccup. "Was he making the screeching noise?"

"Yes," replied the boy.

Hiccup thought for a moment. "You can come back to Berk with me," he said. "You saved me after all. I never got your name. Mine's Hiccup. This is Toothless."

"Call me Grim," said the boy.

"Okay, Grim," said Hiccup. "It's a long flight back to Berk. We should be back before noon though."

Grim nodded and flew beside Toothless.

"We could get back there faster," said Grim.

"How?" asked Hiccup.

Grim looked up at the sky above them. "There's a strong wind current above us that will take us in the same direction we are going now, but it will be faster."

Hiccup looked down at Toothless. "What do you think?"

Toothless ascended, Deathshriek and Grim at their side.

It was dawn when they reached Berk. Hiccup was barely awake in his saddle. He turned to Grim to see him awake and alert along with Deathshriek.

Toothless growled to Deathshriek. He growled back and Grim looked to the dragons.

"That is Berk up ahead?" asked Grim.

Hiccup roused himself. "Yes," he said. "We're almost there. We'll land at my house if that's okay."

"That's fine," said Grim.

"\*\*Hiccup's father is the leader of the tribe,\*\*" Toothless said to Deathshriek. "\*\*His name is Stoick the Vast.\*\*"

"\*\*Ah, we are in luck then to have you know someone of importance,\*\*" said Deathshriek.

"\*\*He may not trust you right away,\*\*" said Toothless. "\*\*But he will appreciate you saving Hiccup's life.\*\*"

"\*\*As long as he gives us a chance,\*\*" said Deathshriek. "\*\*Just until we find a new place to live.\*\*"

Toothless led Deathshriek to the chief's house. Thornado was sleeping in the front yard.

Toothless roared.

"Thornado!" called Hiccup.

The Thunder Drum looked up and roared happily, the sound startling the entire village awake.

Toothless landed and Hiccup got off his back.

The front door was thrown open and Stoick raced outside to see Hiccup and Toothless. "Son!" He grabbed Hiccup and pulled him into a bear hug. "You're safe. Where have you been? I've been worried sick."

"Alvin," gasped Hiccup. "Dad. . . can't breathe!"

Stoick let go of Hiccup. "Alvin had you? How did you escape?"

"I had help," said Hiccup. He turned to his new friends. "Dad, this is Grim and Deathshriek. They helped us escape."

Stoick turned to Grim and Deathshriek. He started to walk up to Grim. Deathshriek rumbled threateningly in his throat.

"\*\*If that human harms him. . .\*\*" Deathshriek began to threaten.

This caused Thornado to go on the alert.

Toothless grunted and shook his head at Deathshriek.

Deathshriek still didn't look too pleased with Stoick, but he backed down, keeping a wary eye on the Viking.

Stoick put his massive hands on Grim's shoulders. "Thank you."

Hiccup looked at Grim. For the first time he noticed how similar in build they were. Grim was only a little taller than Hiccup and had only a little more muscle, but that could be from not having anything to eat.

Thinking of food made Hiccup's stomach growl. "Dad, can we have something to eat? And I could use some sleep, too."

"Yes, of course," said Stoick, turning from Grim. "Come on, lad. Come inside. You must be cold. Out here with no shirt and boots, Odin's beard!"

"Is there a place where Deathshriek can get some fish?" asked Grim. "We've been flying all night."

"Yes," said Stoick. "He can follow Toothless down to the docks for fish. Thornado, go with them."

Thornado got up and led the way to the docks for breakfast.

Grim followed Hiccup and Stoick inside. He looked around at the large room.

"What do you think?" asked Hiccup.

Grim continued to look around the room. "It's been awhile since I've been in such a large house. It's been awhile since I've been in anyone's house."

"Where were you living?" asked Hiccup.

"Caves, trees, anywhere we could find," answered Grim.

The three of them sat down at the table and Stoick passed out some food. Grim immediately went for the food, tearing a large bite out of the chicken breast Stoick had given him.

"Easy, Grim," said Hiccup. "When's the last time you ate?"

"Before Alvin captured us," replied Grim with his mouth full. He chugged some yak milk to chase the chicken down. "Deathshriek and I

ate what we could find. He could usually find enough food for himself and I would let him have as much fish as he could eat. I only ate one or two a day. I can hunt and I could find enough food for myself."

It wasn't long before all of Grim's food was gone. He looked a little disappointed at the empty plate.

Stoick chuckled and put another piece of chicken on Grim's plate. "Go on, eat."

Grim ate the second piece of chicken.

Someone banged on the door. "Stoick!" Gobber yelled. He opened the door and came right in. He looked at Hiccup. "Hiccup! You're all right!"

"Yeah, thanks to Grim and his dragon," said Hiccup.

"What about Toothless?" asked Gobber.

"He went with Thornado and Deathshriek," replied Hiccup.

"Hello, lad," Gobber said to Grim.

Grim nodded, licking at his fingers.

Hiccup yawned.

"Up to bed with you, son," said Stoick. "You, too, Grim. You can sleep in my bed for now."

Stoick took Grim back to his bedroom and Hiccup went up to his own room.

Toothless just returned with a full belly and went right to his rock, heating it before he laid down.

"Toothless, where's Deathshriek?" asked Hiccup.

Toothless turned to the window.

"Outside? Okay." Hiccup rolled over and went to sleep.

Deathshriek was only outside for a little while. He didn't like the idea of being separated from Grim for too long. Deathshriek flew up to the upstairs window and found Hiccup and Toothless sleeping. He left the room, going down the stairs and finding Grim in another room. Grim was sleeping, so Deathshriek lay down near him.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>And there's the first chapter. Please review and let me know what you thought about my opening.</strong>

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Here is the second chapter. I will try to stay consistent with my updates, but no promises. Once again, review at the end of the

chapter. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p>After a nap, Hiccup woke up to see Toothless sleeping on his slab still.</p>

"Hey, bud," whispered Hiccup.

Toothless woke up and raised his head. He crooned to Hiccup.

"Let's see if Grim's awake," said Hiccup.

He got up and went down to his father's room to find Grim and Deathshriek. Deathshriek raised his head and looked at Hiccup. Deathshriek let out a growl. This woke Grim up. The teen jumped up from the bed and looked around. Deathshriek turned to Grim and warbled.

"Sorry," said Hiccup. "I was just checking on you."

"That's fine," said Grim.

"My friends will be happy to see I'm okay," said Hiccup. "Would you like to come meet them?"

Grim got to his feet. "Yes," he replied. "Let's go, Deathshriek."

Deathshriek got up and followed.

The two of them got on their dragons and flew off to the Dragon Academy. The other riders and their dragons were there already. Toothless flew in first, followed by Deathshriek.

"Hiccup!" cried Astrid. She ran over to him and punched him in the arm. "Don't ever scare me like that again!"

"Not my fault, Astrid," said Hiccup, rubbing his arm. "I didn't ask Alvin to kidnap me."

"And who's that?" asked Ruffnut, pointing to Grim.

"And what kind of dragon is that?" Tuffnut added.

They turned to Fishlegs for the answer, but the large Viking teen was staring at Deathshriek with a stunned look on his face.

"Okay, what dragon is it?" asked Snotlout.

"I don't know," said Fishlegs.

"What?" the other Vikings cried.

Fishlegs was the go-to guy for anything dragon related. He memorized the Book of Dragons.

"Bork never wrote about a dragon like this," said Fishlegs, walking over to Deathshriek. "It looks like a Night Fury."

"Deathshriek is not a Night Fury," said Grim. "He is called a Baleful Banshee."

There was a brief silence.

"Ha!" barked Snotlout. "You make him sound like this big bad dragon. He's just a hiccup. Now Hookfang is great dragon. Show him!"

Hookfang turned to the targets and fired, incinerating two targets at the same time.

"Beat that," sneered Snotlout.

Grim turned to Deathshriek and all the others heard was quiet muttering. Deathshriek nodded and turned to the targets. The blue markings on his face turned white. He opened his mouth and shrieked. The sound blasted the targets down.

"He's like a Thunder Drum!" Fishlegs said excitedly.

Deathshriek turned to another target and fired a jet of blue flames.

"Blue fire?" gasped Astrid.

And for his final trick, Deathshriek disappeared.

"Where did he go?" asked Ruffnut.

Snotlout let out a yell as he was pulled from the ground and hung in the air. "Get me down! Get me down!"

Grim calmly walked over. "Not until you apologize."

"Snotlout? Apologize?" asked Tuffnut.

"I'm sorry!" screamed Snotlout.

Grim nodded.

Deathshriek reappeared holding Snotlout by the back of the shirt. He promptly dropped Snotlout to the ground. Deathshriek chuckled and went back to Grim's side.

Fishlegs was even more excited than before and began asking Grim a barrage of questions that the newcomer had a hard time keeping up with.

"\*\*The boy is very excitable,\*\*" Deathshriek said.

"\*\*He wants to know everything there is to know about dragons,\*\*" said the Gronkle. "\*\*\*Deathshriek, was it?\*\*\*"

"\*\*Yes,\*\*" replied Deathshriek.

"\*\*My name's Meatlug,\*\*" said the Gronkle. "\*\*\*The human is Fishlegs. He is my human.\*\*"

"\*\*I'm Stormfly. My human is Astrid. She is the girl in blue,\*\*" said

the Deadly Nadder.

The Hideous Zippleback spoke in unison. "We're Barf and Belch. The twins are our humans. They are Ruffnut and Tuffnut." "And you know me and my human," said the Monstrous Nightmare. "My name is Hookfang and the human boy is Snotlout." "How fitting," Deathshriek said dryly. "The human boy is called Grim." "It looks like your dragon is getting along with ours," Astrid said, watching the dragons interact.

"Deathshriek can be very sociable at times," said Grim. "But there are times he likes to be alone."

Deathshriek came over to Grim. "That is not true. I prefer you with me when I want to be alone."

Grim smiled at Deathshriek and lifted his hand. Deathshriek pressed his face against it and crooned in contentment.

"Let's go flying," said Hiccup. "We can see what Grim and Deathshriek can do in the air."

"Are you well enough to fly?" Deathshriek asked Grim.

Grim nodded.

"Don't be surprised if Hookfang and I beat you in a race," said Snotlout.

Hookfang rolled his eyes.

Grim turned to Deathshriek. There was smirk on his face. Blue eyes connected and it was like they were sharing the same thought.

"Wait, he needs a saddle!" called Astrid.

Grim laughed, pulling himself onto Deathshriek's back. They looked at Toothless and Hiccup.

"Come on, bud," said Hiccup, jumping onto Toothless and latching his prosthetic into place.

They were off before the others could get on their dragons properly.

Toothless had the lead, but Deathshriek was on his tail.

"Are you sure you should be trying to keep up with me after escaping from the Outcasts?" called Toothless.

"I know the speed of the Night Fury is legendary!" Deathshriek called back. "But I don't just rely on speed."

Deathshriek made a calculated adjustment and gained on Toothless.

Grim lay completely flat on Deathshriek's back. Just as they caught up to Toothless and Hiccup, Grim roared, "See you later, Toothless!"

Toothless' jaw dropped as well as his speed and Deathshriek caught a powerful wind current.

"What's wrong?" asked Hiccup. "What did Deathshriek do?"

"Not Deathshriek. How does a human know Dragonese?" Toothless blurted out in a roar.

Toothless hurried along, the echoes of human and dragon laughter reaching his ears. After a quick flight around the towering rock columns, the two quickest dragons went back to the Academy.

"That was impressive, Grim," said Hiccup, jumping off of Toothless' back. "Deathshriek is fast. Almost as fast as Toothless."

Toothless snorted. "Don't be too pleased," he said to Deathshriek.

Deathshriek flashed his teeth in a smile.

"Nothing beats a Night Fury in speed," said Grim. "Deathshriek and I read the wind currents and use them to our advantage."

Hiccup turned to Toothless. "We could use that to help with our speed."

"It would not hurt to learn," Deathshriek said to Toothless.

Toothless nodded. He would like to learn how to be faster. If he was, he could get Hiccup out of danger quicker.

The other trainers got back to the Academy.

"How are you so fast?" cried Fishlegs. "Only Night Furies are that fast."

"We use the air currents," said Grim.

"And a trick!" put in Toothless.

"It is not my fault that you were so startled that you lost your speed," said Deathshriek.

"What did he do?" Stormfly asked Toothless.

"Not Deathshriek. Grim!" Toothless cried. "Grim can understand Dragonese!"

"What?" the rest of the dragons chorused.

"What are they doing?" asked Ruffnut, seeing the dragons acting strangely.

Hookfang, Meatlug, Barf and Bleach, and Stormfly stared at Grim. Toothless was looking at the newcomer as well. Deathshriek moved

around and circled Grim, nuzzling his shoulder.

"\*\*Would you care to tell your new friends that you can understand us?\*\*" Deathshriek asked Grim.

"\*\*No,\*\*" Grim replied lowly. "\*\*I rather wait a little. I don't mind the dragons knowing though.\*\*"

Deathshriek nodded, agreeing with the decision. The other dragons continued to stare at Grim.

"Hey, Grim," said Fishlegs. "Would you mind if I ask some questions about Deathshriek? I want to be able to write more in the Book of Dragons."

"Sure," said Grim. "But would you mind speaking calmly? I can't keep up with your excited speech."

"No problem," said Fishlegs.

"We'll go to the great hall," said Hiccup. "It's soon lunchtime anyway."

The dragons flew the teens to the great hall. People were gathering for lunch. Hiccup walked next to Grim as they walked in. Grim suddenly stopped when they entered. He looked around the great hall in awe and something else Hiccup couldn't identify.

"Are you okay?" asked Hiccup.

"Yes," replied Grim, shaking himself out of his daze.

With a nudge from Deathshriek, they moved on to a table.

Grim took a seat and the other teens surrounded him. Deathshriek lay behind Grim. Hiccup sat on one side of Grim and Fishlegs on the other.

"So Deathshriek is a Baleful Banshee," said Fishlegs. "Is he full grown?"

"Yes," said Grim. "He's very smart and he hasn't grown any since I met him two years ago."

"What's his speed, his shot limit?" asked Fishlegs.

Grim put his hand up to stop Fishlegs. "Calm. You're beginning to ramble. His speed is close to a Night Fury's, but Deathshriek and I have been using wind currents to increase our speed. As for his shot limit, I'm not entirely sure. Deathshriek doesn't use his fire that much in quick succession."

"What about his facial markings?" asked Hiccup. "I noticed that they change colors."

"Only when he's using his shriek and that doesn't happen all the time," said Grim. "The markings only change color when he means business."

"He has so many different abilities," said Fishlegs. "He has a sound

attack like a Thunder Drum, the camouflage of a Changewing."

"No, not the camouflage of a Changewing," said Grim. "Deathshriek can disappear on the ground and in the air. Changewings can only use their camouflage when they are touching the ground. They can be in trees, but if they leave them for the air, you can see them, even if for a brief moment."

"So how would we classify him?" asked Astrid.

"I'd say in the Mystery Class," said Fishlegs. "We don't know a lot about Baleful Banshees."

"Hiccup! Grim!" Stoick called.

The boys turned to the chief.

"Yeah, Dad?" asked Hiccup.

"Go back up to the house," said Stoick.

Hiccup frowned and turned to Grim. "Let's go. I don't know what's going on, but I don't think we're in trouble."

Hiccup and Grim left the great hall with their dragons and flew back to the chief's house.

"I wonder what your father wants us here for," said Grim.

A few minutes later Stoick returned. "Have a seat, lads," he said, motioning to the table.

Hiccup and Grim sat down.

"What's going on, Dad?" asked Hiccup.

Stoick sat down. "I wanted to talk to both of you. Grim, are you planning on staying on Berk?"

"Only temporarily," said Grim. "Our home is compromised. Alvin knows where Deathshriek and I lived. We will have to search for a new place to live."

"I see," said Stoick with a nod. "Have you thought of staying permanently on Berk?"

"No," said Grim. "I have little to offer your tribe. I won't fit in with you Vikings."

"Nonsense," said Stoick. "You're a dragon rider. We can always need another rider. Right, son?"

"He's right," said Hiccup. "We're not at war with dragons anymore, but we do have other enemies, mainly Alvin."

"You've already saved Hiccup's life," said Stoick.

"That was Deathshriek," said Grim.

"What about what you did in the ring?" asked Hiccup. "You were

growling and roaring at the dragons. It was almost like you were -." His green eyes widened. "You can speak to dragons."

Stoick looked at Hiccup and then at Grim. "Grim, is this true?"

Grim sighed. "Yes, I can understand dragons and they can understand me."

"But how?" asked Hiccup.

"I've been living with Deathshriek for two years," said Grim. "The island we were living on is full of dragons. I was the only human."

"Where is this island?" Hiccup asked.

"To the northwest," replied Grim. "I'm not entirely certain how far away we are, but I remember Alvin bringing us southeast."

"And island inhabited by dragons," breathed Hiccup. "I would love to see it."

Grim lowered his head. "I worry about taking others there. With dragons, I know they won't cause a problem. Humans, I'm not so sure about."

"We won't tell anyone," said Hiccup.

"Hiccup, I trust you because I see you and Toothless understand your bond," said Grim. "I know that you won't cause trouble for the dragons on the island. The other riders, I'm not sure of."

"I don't want you going by yourself, Hiccup," said Stoick.

"I can go alone," said Grim. "There is no need for him to come."

"I'll go with you," said Stoick.

"Dad," said Hiccup. "What about Berk?"

"It'll only be for a few days," said Stoick. "Berk will be fine without me for that amount of time."

"That could work," said Grim.

"Good," said Stoick. "We can leave tomorrow."

"\*\*Tomorrow?\*\*" Deathshriek cried from outside. "\*\*Are you mad? Grim and Hiccup have just escaped from imprisonment and you want them to go off to an island we aren't sure how far away. Grim is not well!\*\*"

"\*\*What do you mean he is not well?\*\*" asked Toothless.

"\*\*Deathshriek!\*\*" cried Grim.

"What did he say?" asked Hiccup.

"It's nothing," said Grim.

Thornado bellowed. "You will stay here, boy. If you are unwell, you must rest."\*

"Thornado thinks different," said Stoick. He frowned. "You do look pale, lad."

"I've always been pale," said Grim. "It's nothing. I'm fine." He glared at Deathshriek. "I do need to retrieve my belongings as quickly as I can."

"We will leave tomorrow," said Stoick. "I'll have Gobber bring some maps over to see if you can locate your island."

"Thank you, sir," said Grim.

"There is another thing, Grim," said Stoick. "Your clothes."

Grim frowned and looked at his pants. "I know it's not much, but I'm happy with my pants."

"But you need boots and a tunic," said Stoick. "You will freeze the first cold day we have."

"When the rest of my belongings are on the island, including the rest of my clothes," said Grim. "I can get them tomorrow."

"For now, you can borrow someone's clothes," said Stoick. "You can ask Tuffnut for a shirt and boots. You two appear to be the same size."

\* \* \*

><p>The next morning, after a long night of looking at maps, the three riders and their dragons were ready to leave for the island Grim and Deathshriek had been living on.</p>

"This could be a long flight," Grim warned.

"Ah, Thornado can handle it," said Stoick, affectionately patting the Thunder Drum.

Grim nodded and Deathshriek took off.

A few hours later, they were gliding on the wind currents. Grim told them if they rode the wind currents, it would be easier on the dragons and faster for them.

"How long is it going to be yet?" asked Thornado.

"We should be arriving soon," replied Deathshriek. "I can hear some of the dragons."

"What kinds of dragons live on your island?" asked Toothless.

"You will see shortly," replied Deathshriek.

"We're almost there," said Grim.

An hour later they were landing in clearing near a river on what appeared to be a deserted island. They hopped off their dragons. Grim put his hands to his mouth and let out a dragon call, a clear, light sound. He was immediately answered by several similar sounds. From the trees, several dragons flew up before spiraling around in the air and landing in the glade by the newcomers.

These dragons were the colors of the twilight sky. They had narrow heads with pointed snouts, short horns, long necks and tails, and large wings. They were very sleek looking. They crowded Grim, purring and warbling, a couple nudging him affectionately.

"Whoa," said Hiccup.

They turned to Hiccup and Stoick.

"\*\*You brought friends?\*\*" one of the dragons asked.

"\*\*The small one is so cute!\*\*" squealed another, a magenta and orange colored dragon. It went right up to Hiccup and purred, bumping at his chest. "Pet me!" it demanded.

Toothless growled.

"Sorry," said Grim. "That one's a bit pushy. She likes attention."

"That's fine," Hiccup said. He put his hand on her snout. "What kind of dragons are they?"

"Sunsetters," replied Grim. "That's what I call them."

Several of the Sunsetters flocked around Hiccup now.

"\*\*His leg's funny.\*\*"

"\*\*What's wrong with it?\*\*"

"\*\*It's metal.\*\*"

"\*\*What happened to the real one?\*\*"

"\*\*He smell nice.\*\*"

"\*\*Clean. Like Grim.\*\*"

"\*\*The big one could use a bath.\*\*"

"\*\*They look alike.\*\*"

"\*\*Father and son from what I can smell.\*\*"

"\*\*All right, that's enough,\*\*" said Grim. "Ladies, please. Give the boy and his father some breathing room."

"\*\*But I want to be around the little one more,\*\*" said the Sunsetter that was cuddling Hiccup.

"\*\*He said that's enough,\*\*" growled Toothless.

The Sunsetters turned to Toothless and backed off.

Two dragons about the size of Nightmares landed nearby. They were midnight blue with no spines or horns. They were sleek and graceful when they moved.

"Shooting Stars," Grim answered the question Stoick and Hiccup were going to ask.

"\*\*Will you and your friends be staying with us tonight?\*\*" asked one of the Shooting Stars.

"\*\*Yes,\*\*" replied Grim.

The other Shooting Star looked at the Sunsetters. "\*\*We have guests. We have work to do.\*\*"

The Sunsetters understood and flew off.

The Shooting Stars looked at their guests and gave them nods of greeting before flying off themselves.

"Where are they going?" asked Stoick. "What did you say to them?"

"They asked if you were staying for the night," said Grim. "I said yes. They are going to search for food. Shooting Stars are gracious dragons while Sunsetters tend to be a bit vain."

"So Sunsetters would be in the Sharp Class," said Hiccup. "What about the Shooting Stars?"

"Stoker Class," said Grim. "You will see tonight why they are in the Stoker Class."

The dragons came back with plenty of fish and the Shooting Stars even went out and killed a boar for the humans. They got a bonfire going for warmth, cooking, and after the sun went down, light.

Deathshriek turned to the Shooting Stars. "\*\*\*I think it's time for your performance.\*\*\*"

The Shooting Stars nodded. They got up from where they were laying and took to the air.

"Here we go," said Grim, looking up at the Shooting Stars.

Hiccup, Toothless, Stoick, and Thornado looked up and watched the Shooting Stars. The dark dragons wheeled in the air, silver spots lighting up on their bodies. Against the dark sky, it looked like the stars were moving.

"Odin's beard," whispered Stoick. "I did not know dragons could do things like this."

"Many of these dragons have extraordinary abilities," said Grim. "Nightmares light themselves on fire. Zipplebacks have two heads, one spewing gas and the other one lighting it. Gronkles eat rocks and spit them back on fire. Night Furies are known for their speed,

Thunder Drums for their booming roars, and Changewings for their camouflage. Shooting Stars are known for their dazzling aerial displays. And Baleful Banshees have other abilities."

"What else can they do besides disappearing and breathing blue fire?" asked Hiccup.

The Shooting Stars finished their performance and landed. They turned to Deathshriek, who nodded. The dragons lay down like they were going to sleep right where they were. Deathshriek sat up and cleared his throat. He opened his mouth and a soft sound came out of his mouth.

"Baleful Banshees sing," Grim said.

Deathshriek was singing a lullaby. Toothless curled around Hiccup and Stoick lay against Thornado's side. In no time at all everyone was asleep. Deathshriek finished his song and pulled Grim to him and folded his wings around the pale boy.

Deathshriek woke up before dawn. The Shooting Stars had raised their heads and were speaking quietly.

"\*\*What are you going on about?\*\*" asked Deathshriek. "\*\*\*It's still dark.\*\*"

"\*\*Gifts, Deathshriek. Gifts for our new friends,\*\*" said one of the Shooting Stars.

Grim woke up. "\*\*\*What about gifts? Gifts!\*\*" he realized. He jumped up. "\*\*\*Come on, Deathshriek. We need to get my things and I have to make gifts for them.\*\*"

"\*\*Grim, it is still early,\*\*" said Deathshriek.

"\*\*There's no time,\*\*" said Grim. "\*\*\*If you want to stay here, fine. I'll take one of the Shooting Stars.\*\*"

Grim raced over to one of the Shooting Stars and hopped up onto its back. The Shooting Star took to the air quickly and disappeared into the dark.

Deathshriek sighed and went back to sleep.

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless woke up to the sound of the other dragons stirring. The Sunsetters were waking up and stretching their wings.</p>

"\*\*Breakfast,\*\*" one said, taking off to go hunting.

"\*\*Bath time,\*\*" said another, jumping right into the river.

Several of the Sunsetters went to the river as well. They finished their washing quickly and turned to the humans.

"Hey," said Hiccup. "Dad, have you seen Grim?"

Stoick looked around. "No, but his dragon is still here. He couldn't

have gone far."

The Sunsetters came out of the river and started frolicking around Stoick and Hiccup. After a moment, Hiccup found himself picked up by a Sunsetter and tossed into the water. Toothless was after him in a second, pulling Hiccup to the surface. The water was not deep, but it took a minute for Hiccup to find his footing. Stoick quickly joined them, being dunked by a pink Sunsetter.

One of the Shooting Stars that had been with them last night returned and landed. Grim slid off its back. He was carrying something in a dark blue and black cloth. Seeing Stoick and Hiccup in the river, Grim chuckled and put down what he was carrying. Getting a running start, Grim jumped into the water. He surfaced, laughing, slicking his dark hair back.

"It looks like they decided you needed a bath," said Grim, easing himself back into the cold water.

"How can you stand this?" asked Hiccup, climbing onto Toothless.

"I'm used to it," said Grim. He went under for a few seconds. He came up and took a deep breath, pushing his hair from his face again.  
"Would you like breakfast?"

"Yes, please," said Hiccup.

They climbed out of the water, Stoick yelling at the Sunsetters for dunking him.

Breakfast was gathered and the three humans and their dragons sat eating. Grim reached over and gathered the bundle he had brought with him.

"What do you have there, lad?" asked Stoick.

"We believe in giving gifts to visitors," said Grim. He peeled back the cloth. "These are for you."

Grim was holding a thick belt of green. He handed it to Stoick. Underneath the belt was something smaller. It was another belt, this one black.

"I was saving the materials for this one for a new hood and mask," said Grim. "But this suits you nicely."

Hiccup took the black belt from Grim. He ran his fingers over it. It was cool to the touch and dry, reminding Hiccup of dragon scales. He tilted the belt and saw a pattern, one that he had seen when he looked at Deathshriek.

"Are these dragon scales?" asked Hiccup.

Grim nodded. "Collected from the dragons here. The belt you have comes from Deathshriek. The belt you have, Stoick, comes from a Zippleback. I make things from what I can find and scales shed from dragons are plentiful."

Grim shook out the cloth he had brought the belts in. It was also

made of dragon scales. Grim slipped it over his head and Hiccup and Stoick saw that it was a tunic.

"You make clothing out of dragon scales," breathed Hiccup.

"It's probably the only thing I can do besides hunting," said Grim.

"I'm sure you can do much more, Grim," said Stoick. "We should go. I am needed back on Berk."

Grim finished gathering his belongings and saying goodbye to his dragon friends.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*I know people are viewing this, but I've only had one review. I'm a little sad. Please review at the end of the chapter, please.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Over the next few days, Grim and Deathshriek took to adjusting to Berk. Grim spent most of his time with all the dragons. He collected scales from the dragons who were shedding them. While he did, he spoke to them. Soon all the dragons knew that Grim could speak Dragonese.</p>

Grim usually kept to himself, while Deathshriek was happy to be around other dragons. Grim gathered the scales he had been gathering in buckets over the past few days and walked down to the forge. Gobber was there working on something.

"Ah, Grim," greeted Gobber. "What are you up to this morning?"

"I was hoping to be able to use the forge," said Grim.

Gobber frowned. "Whatever for, lad?" he asked.

Grim held up the buckets he was carrying. "I wish to earn my keep. The only way I can do that is through my craft."

"And what can you do with dragon scales?" asked Gobber.

Grim set the buckets down and pulled off his shirt. He handed it to Gobber. "Have you never notice what my clothes are made of?"

Gobber looked closely at the material. "You make clothes from dragon scales?" he said in surprise.

Grim nodded. "When you have little to work with, you make do with what you have."

"Can you show me?" asked Gobber.

Grim took his shirt back. "I guess I could," he said. "I haven't had a human watch me work before. Deathshriek has always assisted me, but I never really had anyone look over my shoulder."

Gobber let Grim into the forge. Grim started with sorting the scales

and making the pattern he wanted to make. He used brown Gronkle scales and green Zippleback scales, making a striped pattern. With Gobber's help, Grim had the fire as hot as it could get. He heated several scales and began to pound them. They were malleable now and with enough force from Grim's hammering and a bit more heat, they began to meld together. Grim worked a section at a time. Grim had a few small sections done before he had to rest.

"Would you like me to take over?" asked Gobber.

"If you wish," said Grim. "Gronkle scales are difficult to meld together. Zippleback scales are simpler to work with, along with Nadder scales."

Gobber took over the hammering under Grim's supervision. Grim told him he would put the finishing touches on the work when Gobber was finished hammering. When Gobber finished, Grim asked him to leave so he could put the final touches on the work. Grim finished, doing a bit of cutting at the still hot scales and crimping the rough edges. He then took a cloth and dipped it in a secret mixture and smeared it on the scales. He picked up what was now a vest of dragon scales with a pair of tongs and slowly dipped it in the cooling bucket. It steamed and he carefully removed it. Grim finished with polishing the scales with the secret mixture again. Soon they looked like they were wet even when they were cool and dry.

"I'm finished," said Grim.

Gobber came in and looked at the vest. "It's beautiful, lad."

"You helped," said Grim.

"But you created this," said Gobber. "Thor, I never thought it would be possible."

The vest was too big for Grim, but it could fit Fishlegs.

"Can you do that with any scales?" asked Gobber.

"As far as I know I can," said Grim. "I will be making more."

"You're welcome here anytime, lad," said Gobber. "And if you need help, just call me."

"Thank you, Gobber," said Grim with an incline of his head.

Grim left the forge with the new vest folded in his hands. It was amazing how flexible dragon scales could be when they were melded. They were also extremely durable as well. Grim and Deathshriek had been in a fight with a Nightmare once when they were flying and an attack from the Nightmare's claws would have torn Grim in half it hadn't been for the tunic and cloak he had made from Deathshriek's scales.

Grim took the vest back to the house. Seeing there was no one around, he decided to go for a walk. It was quiet in the woods and that's where Grim went. But the quiet walk turned dangerous. Grim heard a deep growling.

"\*\*Human.\*\*" It was a dragon and it didn't sound happy.

"\*\*Yes. I am human.\*\*" Grim heard a snort of surprise.

"\*\*How does a human know Dragonese?\*\*" asked the dragon.

Grim looked around, trying to pinpoint where the voice was coming from. "I have lived with dragons for a couple years with no other humans for company."

"\*\*You smell of Baleful Banshee. Look like one as well. A human/dragon hybrid, an abomination.\*\*"

Grim looked into the thick brush. "I am no hybrid. And what of you? What breed are you? Come out so I can see you."

A large dragon came out of the brush. It had no legs and only a pair of wings with a massive span. It was a reddish brown color. Its head had two long horns and had a narrow snout, its eyes sitting at the same place as a Nightmare's.

"\*\*Timberjack,\*\*" said Grim. "I did not know you inhabited Berk."

"\*\*I visit. I do not inhabit,\*\*" said the Timberjack. "I do not wish to be some human's pet."

"\*\*The dragons here are not pets,\*\*" said Grim. "They simply wish for a peaceful home and assist humans if they choose. They are our friends."

The dragon spat. "So says you, human."

"The humans call me Grim."

"Well, Grim, it certainly was an experience speaking you," said the Timberjack. "If I return to Berk, I will see to it that I speak to you."

With that, the Timberjack took to the air and flew away.

Grim continued on his way. Little did he know he was about to have a big problem.

\* \* \*

><p>The riders went to the great hall after they finished at the Dragon Academy. They found a group of Vikings standing around listening to someone. The voice was old and cranky.</p>

"He is a demon," Mildew was saying. "He will destroy Berk if we allow him to stay."

Hiccup pushed his way to the front of the group to Mildew. "What are you going on about, Mildew?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you," said Mildew. "Your new friend is a demon."

"Grim?" asked Hiccup. "Why do you say that? Just because he likes dragons?"

"Likes dragons!" screeched Mildew. "He speaks to them and they speak back! He's evil!"

Just as Mildew said that, Grim appeared in the great hall. He was dressed in his blue and black dragon scale pants, a pair of boots, and a black tunic. His pure blue eyes were staring at Mildew.

"Well?" demanded Mildew. "Do you deny it, boy? If you are even that!"

There were murmurs throughout the great hall.

"What is going on?" demanded Stoick, coming over to see what the ruckus was about.

"Mildew is calling Grim a demon," Hiccup told his father.

"It's true!" yelled Mildew. "What human speaks to dragons?"

Hiccup opened his mouth to say something, but his father stopped him.

"Enough," said Stoick. "Mildew, what proof do you have?"

"I saw him myself," Mildew said. "I saw him talking to a large dragon, a Timberjack if I'm not mistaken. He probably was telling it to attack our village."

Stoick turned to Grim. He knew Grim could speak to dragons, but Grim didn't want it to be common knowledge.

Seeing that Stoick was at a loss of what to say, Grim said, "Yes, it was a Timberjack. It was in a bad mood and I was using sounds that I heard Deathshriek use with other dragons to calm it down. It flew off then. I don't know where it went."

"See?" said Stoick. "Grim has been around dragons since before we came to peace with them. He knows more about them than we do. What he says is most likely true. Since he has been here, he has not shown any malicious intent towards the people of Berk. Grim is not an enemy."

The people simmered down and looked at Grim with a bit of shame. Grim nodded to them in forgiveness and continued to where he was going to sit and eat his supper.

\* \* \*

><p>Grim did not return to the house that night. Hiccup was a little worried, but he noticed that Deathshriek, who had stopped by to speak to Toothless for a few minutes, wasn't the least bit worried. The teen rolled over in bed as he tried to sleep. Toothless was sleeping on his slab. Finding that sleep was not going to come until he knew where Grim was, Hiccup got out of bed and went out to look for his friend.</p>

He was barely down the path that led from his house to the village when Deathshriek popped out of nowhere.

"Ahh! Deathshriek, you scared me," said Hiccup.

Deathshriek warbled an apology. He then gave Hiccup a questioning look.

"Why am I up?" Hiccup asked.

Deathshriek nodded.

"I'm worried about Grim," Hiccup told the dragon. "Do you know where he is?"

Deathshriek nodded and leaned down for Hiccup to mount him. The dragon took off and flew to the arena. The dragons inside were sleeping in the converted cages that we now used for stables. Deathshriek let Hiccup slide off his back and turned to the rafters. Hiccup looked up and saw something small laying up there.

"Grim," whispered Hiccup.

The form moved and Grim leaped down from above. He was only wearing his dragon scale pants.

"It's the middle of the night, Hiccup," said Grim. "Why are you out of bed?"

"I was worried about you," said Hiccup. "You didn't come back to the house after supper. If this is about Mildew calling you a demon, you don't have to worry. That old man hates dragons and wants to get rid of them. He probably sees you as a threat to helping them to stay."

"I was careless," said Grim. "The Timberjack was wild and wary towards humans. I thought if I talk to it, it would calm down."

"Did it?" asked Hiccup.

"Yes, and it left," said Grim. "It may return, but I do not expect any problems from it as long as we treat it with respect."

"So why haven't you come back to the house?" Hiccup asked again.

"I don't feel comfortable around humans," said Grim. "I've lived with dragons for two years. It's hard for me to adjust."

"I'll be okay," said Hiccup. "We're your friends."

Grim was quiet for a long moment. "I never had human friends until now," he admitted.

Hiccup frowned. "You were a social outcast?"

"I wish," Grim said softly. "No, it was different for me. I just didn't have friends."

Grim turned and started to walk away. Hiccup stepped in front of him.

"What's that mean?" he asked. "You can't just not have any

friends."

Grim frowned.

Deathshriek spoke up. "You will have to tell them eventually. Better out with it now."

Grim turned to Deathshriek with a pained look. "I don't want to. I like things how they are. I like being normal, common."

"Grim?"

Grim turned back to Hiccup. "I need you to promise you will not breathe a word of what I'm about to tell you to anyone and I mean anyone."

Deathshriek added a rumble to the conversation.

"I promise," said Hiccup.

"I come from a place called Ireland," said Grim. "It is south from here, quite a ways south. It is not like Berk in many ways."

"Okay," said Hiccup. "That's not that bad. I know that other Viking tribes have pillaged the lands south of here. I don't care if you're a Celt. Although, Grim is a strange name for a Celt."

"It's not my real name," said Grim. "I've been going by the name Grim Frosti because that is the name Deathshriek gave me. I won't tell you my real name; I want you to have plausible deniability. But I will tell you this: the reason I did not have any friends was because all the children my age were commoners." Grim took a breath. "And nobility does not interact with the common."

"Nobility?" asked Hiccup, not understanding.

"Hiccup, I am a prince," said Grim.

Hiccup's jaw dropped. "A prince? You're royalty? What are you doing out in the wilderness? Why aren't you in a castle with servants?"

"Hiccup!" snapped Grim.

Hiccup quickly shut his mouth.

"I wasn't what my family wanted, what my people needed," said Grim. His face fell. "Deathshriek wasn't the first dragon I befriended. There was another before him. He was a Deadly Nadder. I called him Emerald because he was such a rich green. I hid him as long as I could, but it wasn't enough. The people found about Emerald and they trapped him and killed him. I was banished, thrown on a boat and sent off to sea. The wind and water carried me north and I eventually was found by Deathshriek and we eventually found the island where we had been living."

"That's amazing," said Hiccup. "I'm sorry about Emerald though."

"So am I," said Grim. He turned to Deathshriek. "But I wouldn't trade

another dragon for Deathshriek."

Deathshriek purred at Grim.

"Please, don't tell anyone that I'm royalty," said Grim.

"I won't," said Hiccup.

"Thank you," said Grim.

"Now will you come back to the house?" Hiccup asked.

Grim smiled. "Yes," he said.

\* \* \*

><p>A week later a trade ship came to port. Grim had been in the forge at the time. People started running down to the docks in a frenzy. Curious, Grim went down with them to see the trade ship. He saw Stoick talking to a man dressed as a merchant.</p>

"Hey, Grim," said Astrid. "Are you looking for something? Trader Johann probably has it or can get it for you."

"There is nothing I am looking for," said Grim.

"You should at least see what he has," said Astrid.

Astrid and Grim walked onto Trader Johann's ship and began looking at what he was selling. They found Hiccup looking at some ink and books with blank pages.

"Hey, Hiccup," said Astrid. "See something you like?"

"Yeah, but I don't know if I have anything I could trade," said Hiccup.

Grim thought for a moment. "Perhaps there is something I could trade," he said slowly. "Do you think Trader Johann would accept something from me as payment?"

"I don't see why he wouldn't," said Astrid. "What were you thinking of giving him?"

"I have a few belts that I could trade," said Grim. "And a vest or two."

"Thanks, Grim," said Hiccup.

Grim hurried back up to the forge and took two vests and five belts made of different colored scales. He ran back to the ship. Now Hiccup and Trader Johann were speaking, Toothless by Hiccup's side. Trader Johann turned around to see Grim carrying his bundle.

"You must be Grim," said Trader Johann.

"Yes," said Grim. "I saw Hiccup wanted a few things, but did not have anything to trade for them. Will you accept these as payment?"

Trader Johann picked up one of the belts, one made of blue Deadly Nadder scales, the buckle made from claws.

"I have traded many things over the years, but I have never seen anything like this," said Trader Johann. "Do you make these?"

Grim nodded. "These are only what I have to trade." He tugged at his pant leg. "I made these from Deathshriek's shed scales."

"Deathshriek is your dragon?" asked Trader Johann.

With that, Deathshriek appeared and landed gracefully nearby. He gave Trader Johann a scrutinizing stare before turning to Toothless to talk to him.

"What a handsome dragon," commented Trader Johann.

Deathshriek glanced at Trader Johann and gave him a nod of thanks.

Hiccup chuckled. "I think we should reclassified Baleful Banshees as Strike Class dragons."

Trader Johann looked at the rest of what Grim had brought with him. "I believe these will do perfectly for payment. Hiccup, go on and pick out the ink and books you want. Grim, go choose something for yourself."

Hiccup and Grim went onto the ship. Hiccup chose his ink and books. He turned to Grim who was looking at a few items in a dark corner of the ship.

"Celtic weapons," said Grim, running his hand over a sword.

Hiccup looked at the weapons. There was an assortment of swords, daggers, even a bow.

Grim picked up the bow. "It's been a long time since I held one of these." He tested the bowstring.

"Johann said to pick something out for yourself," said Hiccup.

Grim put the bow down. "No. If I want a bow, I will make my own. The same with a dagger."

"What about a sword?" asked Hiccup.

"I don't know if I could make a sword," said Grim. "For a dagger, I can work with dragon claws or spines. I don't know how to work with metal."

"I could make you a sword," said Hiccup.

"You don't have to, Hiccup."

"But I want to," Hiccup said.

Grim continued to look at what Trader Johann had. He had little need for gold and silver and no use for rare spices.

"Do you see anything you like?"

Grim turned to see Trader Johann had come below deck. "I have little use for any of these things," Grim said.

"Ah, you are a man of necessity," said Trader Johann. "You should indulge yourself now and then, Master Grim."

Trader Johann walked over and opened a large chest. "You'll need tools for making those lovely belts and vests of yours."

"Hiccup has already given me some of his tools," said Grim.

"But you should have a set of your own," said Trader Johann. "These should do nicely."

Grim went to see what was in the chest. There were several hammers of various sizes and weights, tongs, and other tools used in blacksmithing.

"This is too expensive," said Grim. "The belts and vests I gave you are hardly enough for payment."

"If you provide me with more of your belts and whatever else you have made on my next trip here, we'll call it even," said Trader Johann. "These tools need a good home and I think they'll find it with you."

"Thank you, Trader Johann," said Grim.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Grim is a boy with many secrets. If I get two reviews before 9:00 pm Eastern Time, I'll post the next chapter since I won't have internet connection until Monday.<strong>

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*I got my two reviews within the time frame I set, so here is the next chapter.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Time passed and Grim was becoming more well-known in the Berk community. He joined the Dragon Academy and became an excellent student. All the dragons loved him, having a human to be able to speak to about things they did not understand. Grim was often a frequent visitor of the forge, working on his own projects as well as helping Hiccup with some of his projects.</p>

Hiccup and Grim grew close. Stoick watched as the boys would get up and train together. Grim was quite skilled at making weapons. In addition to Stoick's weapons, there was now several daggers made from dragon claws, a bow, and a large sword Hiccup had forged for Grim.

Stoick came down to the forge one day. "Gobber, is Grim here?"

"The lad's over there with Hiccup working on something," said Gobber, pointing.

Stoick walked over to the boys. "Grim."

The boys looked up at Stoick.

"What's up, Dad?" asked Hiccup.

"Son, I have a question for Grim," said Stoick. "Do you mind giving us a few minutes?"

"Okay," Hiccup said slowly.

Stoick and Grim walked outside of the forge.

"What is it, Stoick?" asked Grim.

"I've been watching you and Hiccup for some time now," said Stoick. "You two get along very well. Like brothers, in fact."

"Being around him makes me feel like I have a family again," said Grim.

Stoick smiled. "What would you say about being a Haddock?"

Grim blinked. "Sir?"

"I wouldn't mind you being a part of our ever growing family," said Stoick. "Grim Haddock."

Grim shook his head. "I don't think I could ever take your family's name, Stoick. It just doesn't seem right."

"You have must a family, Grim," said Stoick. "What is your family name?"

"I did have a family, but I don't use their name any longer," said Grim. "I lived on that island for two years. The dragons became my family and they named me."

Stoick frowned. "What did the dragons call you?"

"Grim Frosti."

"Frosti?" repeated Stoick. "Grim Frosti. It's a good name. It sounds like a Viking name. What tribe are you from anyway, Grim?"

Grim stiffened. "I rather not talk about it. I rather keep the past in the past. Is there anything else?"

"No, lad," said Stoick.

Stoick watched the somber boy walk away.

Hiccup came out and saw Grim walking away. "Dad, what's going on?"

"It's nothing, Hiccup," said Stoick. "Just give Grim a little time to himself."

Hiccup turned. He thought for a moment before going after Grim.

Grim didn't stop until he reached one of the cliffs.

"Grim!" called Hiccup, jogging over to him. "What's going on?"

Grim didn't turn around. "Hiccup, have I ever told you why my name is Grim Frosti?"

"No, I don't think you have," said Hiccup.

"But I did tell you about Emerald, right?"

"Yeah," said Hiccup. "Sorry about him."

Grim turned. "Don't be. It's not your fault."

"Still, I feel bad," said Hiccup. "I don't know what I would do if something would happen to Toothless."

Grim turned back to the cliff. "I told you that they banished me and threw me onto a boat and I drifted north. I nearly died out there. It was so cold. I was all but dead when Deathshriek found me. It was just after a storm. I was completely soaked through to the bone and it was so cold that ice began to form on my body."

He lowered his head. "I really thought I was going to die when I saw Deathshriek. Emerald was nice, but I knew all dragons weren't as nice as Emerald. But Deathshriek took care of me. He named me Grim Frosti because of the frost on my skin and that he thought I wasn't going to live either. When I learned how to speak to dragons, he told me that he thought I was going to die and wanted to make me comfortable."

"But you lived," said Hiccup.

Grim looked over his shoulder. "I know," he said with a small smile.

Toothless and Deathshriek walked over to them. Toothless let out a purr to Hiccup and nuzzled him. Hiccup patted his dragon's muzzle. Deathshriek purred as well. Grim's smile grew.

"What did he say?" Hiccup asked.

"'You are fortunate to have survived. I am fortunate to have met you,'" Grim repeated. "\*\*\*I feel the same, Deathshriek.\*\*\*"

"\*\*Let's fly!\*\*" Toothless growled enthusiastically.

Grim gave a roar in reply and hopped onto Deathshriek's back.

Hiccup understood the message without needing a translation. He swung himself into Toothless' saddle and they were off.

They flew high into the air. Hiccup looked over at Grim. It amazed him how Grim could easily ride bareback.

Grim suddenly let go of Deathshriek and pushed himself up. He was

only holding on with his legs.

"Grim! What are you doing?" Hiccup shouted.

Grim sat up fully, practically standing, and spread his arms. He threw his head back and let out a roar.

Hiccup stared in awe. Grim's roar could easily be mistaken for a dragon's. It wasn't quite like Deathshriek's roar and was nothing like the shriek that gave the Baleful Banshee his name. It was his own roar. Hiccup had to think with that dragon scale clothing, Grim looked like a human/dragon hybrid.

Deathshriek let out a roar of his own, but not a jovial one Grim just had. Toothless turned his head.

"Hiccup, were we expecting visitors?" Grim called.

Hiccup looked out at the sea and saw a fleet of boats. "Oh, no." He looked closely at the sails. There was a dragon breathing fire on them. "Grim! Those are Berserkers! We have to tell my dad and we have to hide all the dragons. Dagur will attack us if he finds out we're at peace with them. We need to get them away from the village."

"\*\*Deathshriek, you heard him. We need to hide all the dragons.\*\*"

"\*\*I can do that, Grim.\*\*" Deathshriek's blue facial markings turned white. When the dragon opened his mouth again, a bloodcurdling shriek erupted from it. "\*\*Dragons! Berserkers! Away from the village, now!\*\*"

The result was immediate. Dragons from the village heard Deathshriek and began hurrying to the caves, understanding Berserkers weren't exactly an enemy to the Berkians, but if the dragons were found that would be another story.

"Wow," said Hiccup. "I didn't know Deathshriek could do that."

"Do what?" asked Grim.

"Command other dragons," Hiccup clarified.

"The other dragons respect Deathshriek, like they do Toothless," Grim said. "You and Toothless have the respect of the dragons of Berk."

"We do?" Hiccup asked.

"Come. We have guests." Grim growled the last word.

Toothless and Deathshriek landed in the village and let their riders dismount before hiding as well.

Hiccup and Grim jogged down to the docks. Stoick and Gobber was waiting for the ships to come in.

"Hiccup," said Stoick. "You need to hide the dragons. And what was that bone-chilling scream?"

"Already done, Dad," said Hiccup. "Deathshriek warned them all and they hid."

"Good, good," said Stoick. He turned back to the approaching ships. "I didn't know Dagur was coming."

"He might think he could catch us off guard," said Gobber.

Hiccup grinned. "Well, it didn't work. We saw him coming."

"Dagur would have to be deaf to miss that dragon shrieking," said Gobber.

Dagur's ship docked. The young chief was grinning dangerously, playing with a dagger. "Stoick, nice to see you survived the dragon attack."

"We're Vikings, Dagur," said Stoick. "We're survivors. A bunch of dragons aren't going to defeat us."

Dagur looked from Stoick and Gobber to Hiccup. "I see you survived the Night Fury."

"Yeah," Hiccup said drily.

"Hard to believe a hiccup survived without missing a limb," said Dagur.

"Dagur."

Dagur rolled his eyes and turned back to Stoick.

"Since you are here, there is someone I want you to meet," said Stoick. He turned to Grim and motioned him over.

Dagur narrowed his eyes at the teen. "I don't recall seeing him on my last visit to Berk."

"He wasn't here then," said Gobber.

Stoick put his hand on Grim's shoulder. "Grim, this is Dagur, the chief of the Berserkers. Dagur, this is Grim, my adoptive son."

Hiccup looked up at Stoick. "That's what you wanted to talk to him about?" he asked.

"Looks like you've been replaced," Dagur sneered.

Hiccup's heart dropped.

"He has not," Grim said. "Hiccup is Berk's heir and Stoick's son by blood. I am thankful I have been welcome not only on Berk, but into their home."

Dagur gave Grim a bored look. "Yeah, whatever." He turned to Stoick. "I wanted to see how you faired against the dragons. I thought you would like to have a hand in hunting them."

"We can handle ourselves," said Stoick. "I do appreciate the gesture."

Dagur sighed. "I guess I came for nothing."

"Why don't you stay, Dagur?" said Gobber. "Perhaps you can teach us something."

"I don't know what," Dagur scoffed. "Apparently you know how to fight dragons."

"Or we could teach you something," said Grim.

Dagur turned back to Grim. "And what could you teach me?" He narrowed his eyes and scrutinized Grim's clothes. "How to skin a dragon would be interesting."

Grim stiffened. "I don't teach that to just anyone."

Dagur's face lit up with interest. "Really? And what do I need to do to get you to teach me?"

"A wrestling match," Grim answered. "If you can beat me, I'll teach you."

"Sounds like fun," Dagur grinned, removing his sword.

Stoick stepped in between them. "Why don't we make this a spectacle? You'll do this in the Kill Ring."

"Fine," said Dagur.

An hour later everyone gathered in the Kill Ring. Dagur was ready to fight. There was a glint of bloodlust in his eyes. Grim on the other hand was calm.

"You two lads ready?" asked Gobber.

"Let's do this," said Dagur, cracking his knuckles.

Grim simply removed his shirt.

"All right, lads," Gobber said. "No weapons, no hitting below the belt."

"Yeah, yeah," Dagur sneered.

The others found Hiccup.

"What's going on?" asked Astrid.

"Dagur challenged Grim to a wrestling match for Grim to teach him out to skin a dragon," Hiccup answered.

"But Grim doesn't skin dragons," said Tuffnut.

"We know that," said Hiccup. "But Dagur doesn't."

"Begin!" shouted Gobber.

Dagur let out a savage battle cry and lunged at Grim. Grim easily stepped out of the way. Dagur came at him again with the same result.

"Fight me, coward!" snarled Dagur.

Grim grabbed Dagur and threw him to the ground. Dagur tried to get Grim off him.

"They're really going at it," said Ruffnut as the fight continued.

"I get the next fight against Grim," said Tuffnut.

Snotlout snorted. "I'm stronger than Grim. I could take them both at the same time. With my face!"

"Actually, Grim's lived with dragons for a couple years," said Fishlegs. "It's very plausible that he possesses greater strength than a Viking his size."

Dagur slammed Grim into the dirt.

"I hope Grim knows what he's doing," said Astrid.

Grim muscled his way out of Dagur's hold and pinned him to the ground.

"The winner: Grim!" Gobber announced.

The Berserkers booed as the Berkians cheered.

Grim stood up and looked at the crowd.

Dagur wouldn't accept this. He was chief! How dare they embarrass him by sending this foreigner to represent Berk? He got to his feet and withdrew a dagger from his belt.

Hiccup's eyes widened. "Grim, look out!"

Grim whirled around in time to catch Dagur's arm. With his other hand, he quickly punched Dagur in the mouth. The Berserker fell like a stone.

There was silence in the stands.

"Go, Grim!" someone shouted.

Grim stood over Dagur, looking down at him impassively. He turned to Stoick. "Is someone going to pick him off the ground or am I going to have to carry him?"

Stoick raised his eyebrows.

The twins snickered in the stands.

"He knocked Dagur out," Tuffnut said.

"I can only imagine the amount of force behind that punch," said Fishlegs.

"Dagur's not going to be getting up for a while," said Astrid.

"That's for sure," Hiccup added.

Grim retrieved his shirt. He left the arena and walked to the woods. He heard a soft grunt.

"\*\*Grim.\*\*"

Grim turned to the sound of the grunt and looked at the open air in front of him. "Yes, Deathshriek. What is it? I thought you were staying with the other dragons."

"\*\*Why would I need to when I can become invisible and keep watch over you, my friend?\*\*"

Grim smiled. It wavered when he heard a darker growl.

"\*\*Who is the fool who dares demand the secret to 'dragon skinning'?\*\*"

"\*\*He is chief of the Berserkers. I believe they call him Dagur the Deranged,\*\*" answered Grim.

Deathshriek snorted. "Deranged indeed."

Grim chuckled.

Deathshriek made an odd grunt.

"\*\*What is it?\*\*" Grim asked, concerned at the sound.

"\*\*I hear something,\*\*" replied Deathshriek. Grim heard that his dragon had moved. "Something below ground."

Grim looked at his feet. The ground rumbled.

"\*\*Whispering Death!\*\*" screeched Deathshriek.

Grim was lifted off the ground.

The ground opened up to reveal the gaping jaws of the dark gray-green and tan Boulder Class dragon. It hissed, its rows of teeth rotating. "Filthy creature!"

"\*\*Grim, hold on!\*\*" Deathshriek cried.

He dropped his invisibility and flipped Grim onto his back. They flew into the woods, the Whispering Death following them. Grim looked back. His blue eyes widened.

"Look out!" Grim steered Deathshriek clear of the fire rings shooting from the dragon's mouth.

"\*\*Grim!\*\*"

"I'm okay." Grim turned around again. He adjusted his vocal cords. "Why are you attacking us?"

The Whispering Death was surprised at the human speaking Dragonese, especially in the Whispering Death's dialect. It paused in its pursuit.

Deathshriek also turned and hovered in the air.

"\*\*You're friends with the Night Fury,\*\*" it hissed.

"\*\*What has Toothless done to you?\*\*" asked Grim.

"\*\*This.\*\*" The Whispering Death turned to reveal the bite scar on its body.

Grim observed the scar.

"\*\*The scar is old,\*\*" said Deathshriek.

The Whispering Death hissed again. "And he has proven he is weak! He could have killed me when he had the chance. But that human has made him his pet!\*\*"

Grim shook his head. "Toothless and Hiccup showed you mercy. That is a strength. They gave you an opportunity to change.\*\*"

The Whispering Death said nothing, but hissed.

"\*\*Are you willing to change\*\*?" Deathshriek inquired.

The Whispering Death adjusted its jaws slightly. "Perhaps. But don't expect me to get along with the Night Fury.\*\*"

Grim chuckled. "Give it time, my friend. What is your name, dragon?\*\*"

"\*\*My name is Grindheart,\*\*" replied the Whispering Death.

"\*\*Well, Grindheart, my name is Grim.\*\*"

"\*\*And I am Deathshriek.\*\*"

Grindheart nodded to them.

Deathshriek lifted his ear fins. "We have company. Berserkers. They must have heard us fighting.\*\*"

Grindheart snorted. "Not much of a fight, Banshee.\*\*"

"\*\*You two need to hide,\*\*" said Grim.

Grindheart didn't need any more encouragement. He burrowed into the ground and disappeared.

Grim slipped off of Deathshriek's back. Deathshriek disappeared. Grim moved into the trees and away from the Viking who were coming their way.

"\*\*Take care of Grindheart. Make sure he doesn't get into trouble,\*\*" Grim hissed up to Deathshriek.

"\*\*Yes.\*\*"

Grim doubled back to the village. He had to find Hiccup and tell him what happened. Grim found Hiccup with Stoick, Gobber, and Dagur. He gritted his teeth. He had to get Hiccup away from Dagur. Grim was surprised that Dagur was even conscious after the punch he took.

Grim crept up on Hiccup. He put one hand over Hiccup's mouth and wrapped his other arm around his waist. He picked him up and took him behind a house.

Hiccup twisted out of Grim's hold. "What are you doing?"

"I needed to talk to you," said Grim.

"You didn't need to kidnap me," said Hiccup.

"I couldn't tell you in front of Dagur," Grim said. "Remember that Whispering Death you once told me about?"

"Yeah," replied Hiccup. "Toothless had a grudge with it. It was the only dragon I couldn't train."

"I saw it," said Grim.

Hiccup paled. "What? Oh, great, just what I needed today."

"I took care of it," said Grim.

Hiccup frowned. "How?"

"I spoke to him," replied Grim.

"Him?"

Grim nodded. "His name is Grindheart. He is willing to give the people of Berk a chance. He also said that he wouldn't be friends with Toothless."

"I don't think Toothless wants to be friends with him either," said Hiccup.

Grim smirked. "Give them time. Old enemies can become the best of friends."

Hiccup smiled, knowing what Grim said was true.

"Now, about Dagur," said Grim. "How did he recover so quickly?"

"Gothi shoved something down his throat." Hiccup snickered. "He woke up and tried to get the taste out of his mouth."

Grim smirked again. "I wish I had stuck around for that."

"Hiccup!" Stoick called.

Hiccup looked at Grim. "I better get back to them."

"I'll be at the house," said Grim.

"See you later, Grim," said Hiccup. He smiled. "Brother." He dashed off to rejoin his father, Gobber, and Dagur.

Grim stood there for a moment with a smile on his face. Brother. He liked the sound of that.

Dagur didn't stay for long. He planned to leave the next morning. It was enough to put the Berkians on edge for the night. They knew Dagur was unpredictable and they were concerned for their dragons.

Grim couldn't sleep in the house. He was used to having Toothless in the room he shared with Hiccup. He crawled out of bed and climbed outside to the roof.

"\*\*Deathshriek?\*\*" he called quietly.

No answer.

Deathshriek was probably with Grindheart, keeping the Whispering Death out of trouble. Grim was concerned that Toothless and Grindheart would start to fight. He had witnessed dragon fights before, having been a participant himself and almost dying.

Grim climbed back into the house. He heard a moan from Hiccup's bed. He rolled over, gripping at his blanket. Grim knew his new brother missed his dragon. His brother. It was going to take some getting used to. He sat on the edge of Hiccup's bed and smoothed some of his hair down.

"I'll be back shortly, Hiccup," Grim whispered.

Hiccup stilled.

Grim got up and pulled on his boots and dragon scale tunic before climbing out the window again and running for the woods. He went to the cove, hoping to find Toothless there.

Sure enough, when Grim reached the cove, he heard the Night Fury growling.

"\*\*That blasted Whispering Death! What were they thinking? Grim had no right to accept him. Of all the dragons he could have come across, he had to come across that one.\*\*" Toothless snarled.

"\*\*Cursing me won't change anything.\*\*"

Toothless whipped around to see Grim climbing down the wall of the cove. He snarled again. "\*\*\*Why did you befriend him? Do you know what he is?\*\*"

"\*\*A dragon,\*\*" replied Grim.

Toothless' pupils constricted. "\*\*\*A dragon who I fought. Who I have a grudge against!\*\*"

"\*\*It's in the past, Toothless. And if I recall the story correctly, you spared him, showed him mercy.\*\*"

"\*\*Only because of Hiccup,\*\*" said Toothless. "\*\*If he hadn't been there, I would have ripped his throat out.\*\*"

Grim walked over to the angry dragon with no fear. He knew Toothless wasn't going to hurt him.

Toothless turned away from the human. "\*\*But what would a human know?\*\*"

Grim put his hand on Toothless' shoulder. "\*\*More than you know. I also know that holding a grudge is a waste of energy.\*\*"

Toothless growled once more and relented. "\*\*Why are you out here?\*\*"

"\*\*I wanted to make sure you were okay,\*\*" replied Grim. "\*\*I was worried.\*\*"

"\*\*I'll be fine once Dagur leaves,\*\*" Toothless replied.

Grim nodded in agreement. "\*\*Where is Deathshriek?\*\*"

Toothless gave a gummy smile. "\*\*I was wondering when you were going to ask. He's with Grindheart, keeping us from killing each other.\*\*"

"\*\*And succeeding.\*\*"

Toothless laughed.

Grim smiled. "\*\*What about the other dragons?\*\*"

"\*\*They are on the other side of the island, far away as possible from the village,\*\*" replied Toothless.

Grim nodded in approval. "\*\*I should head back.\*\*"

"\*\*Go. Before someone, one of the Berserkers, finds out you're gone.\*\*"

Grim started to climb out of the cove.

Toothless warmed a spot for him to sleep on with his fire.

"\*\*Toothless.\*\*"

The Night Fury looked up at Grim.

"\*\*He misses you,\*\*" said Grim.

Toothless hung his head. "\*\*I miss him, too.\*\*"

Grim walked back to the Haddock house. A twig snapped and he froze. Grim only waited a moment before moving behind a tree.

Dagur frowned and walked to the last place he saw Grim. Seeing that Grim had disappeared, the Berserker chief kept walking.

Grim was hiding in the tree he moved behind. He glared down at Dagur.

What was he doing?

In the morning, Hiccup woke up to see Grim sitting on the edge of his bed. "Didn't you sleep?"

"No," Grim replied. "I went to check on the dragons last night. Dagur was sneaking around."

Hiccup looked at him in alarm. "He didn't find them, did he?"

"No, I made sure of that," said Grim.

Hiccup let out a sigh of relief. "Good. Dagur should be gone after breakfast and the dragons can come back without a problem."

Grim nodded.

Breakfast was quiet. Grim and Hiccup ate in silence.

"The Berserkers should be leaving after breakfast," Stoick informed them.

"Good," said Hiccup.

Grim only nodded.

There was knock on the door.

Stoick got up from the table. "Who could that be?" Stoick opened the front door.

"Stoick!"

Hiccup and Grim jumped.

"Dagur," Stoick said in surprise. "What brings you here this morning?"

"I never got to ask Hiccup about that Night Fury," said Dagur, pushing his way passed Stoick. "How did you fight off that Night Fury? Did you kill it?"

"Well, no," Hiccup said, trying to sound disappointed. "It got away."

"He was lucky," Stoick added.

Dagur stared down Hiccup. "How did you survive the Night Fury?"

Grim carefully stood up and hurried up to the room he shared with Hiccup without being seen by Dagur.

"How did I do it?" Hiccup stammered. "Well, I'm not really sure."

A dragon howl went up. It sounded familiar to Hiccup.

"A dragon!" Dagur ran out to find it.

Hiccup ran over to Stoick. "Dad, I think that was Grim," he whispered.

"It probably was," said Stoick. "What is he doing?"

Grim had gone out the window and ran through town, keeping behind the houses. Once he was away from his house, he let out a dragon roar. He kept running, hoping Deathshriek heard him.

"\*\*Grim, what is going on?\*\*" Deathshriek's disembodied voice asked.

Grim could feel the wind from his wing beats hitting his back.

"\*\*Dagur. We need a distraction to get him off the island,\*\*" answered Grim. "\*\*Get all the dragons. We need to get their saddles off.\*\*"

Deathshriek let out a roar and flew off.

Grim stopped and looked around. He turned and started running back. By now Dagur had alerted the other Berserkers and the Berkians were confused.

"Perfect," Grim whispered with a grin.

"\*\*Grim.\*\*"

Grim turned to see the other dragons. He started taking off the saddles and whispering to the dragons. After each dragon was unsaddled, they took off and began flying around the village. Stoick and Gobber started yelling there was a dragon attack.

Toothless was the last to arrive.

Grim took his saddle and tailfin off. "\*\*You won't be able to fly. You just need to scare the Berserkers. Hopefully Hiccup and the others will know what we are trying to do.\*\*"

"\*\*We have done it before,\*\*" said Toothless. "\*\*And if anyone can figure it out, it's Hiccup.\*\*"

Toothless bounded off.

Grim ran back into the village. He found Astrid.

"What's going on?" asked Astrid.

"Dragon attack," Grim replied slyly.

Astrid's eyes lit up. "Oh." She saw Stormfly and used hand signals to tell her what to do.

The other trainers figured how what was happening as well.

Grim ran to the forge and grabbed a sword Gobber recently repaired.

"Grim!" Hiccup slid to a stop. "Are you crazy?"

"It was the only thing I could think of," said Grim. He looked out at

the Berserkers racing for the docks while the Berkians "protected" them. "You better find Toothless. He's out there, too."

"Ah, great," groaned Hiccup.

They went their separate ways. Grim moved down to the dock and pretended to hurt the dragons that were attacking.

A loud roar caught his attention. Grim saw Thornado coming in for a landing. The Thunder Drum landed and Grim hurried to get his saddle off. "\*\*\*Scare, but do not kill.\*\*\*"

"\*\*Understood. Where's Stoick?\*\*"

"\*\*I don't know for certain,\*\*" Grim replied. "\*\*Go.\*\*"

Thornado took off and began roaring at the Berserkers.

Dagur and the others got to the ships. He turned around and saw a Thunder Drum land on the docks. It took aim at the ship.

Grim leapt onto the Thunder Drum's back and hit it in the head with the pummel of the large sword he carried. The Thunder Drum bucked him off and went into the water. Grim got up and looked around.

"Go, Dagur!" Grim shouted. "We'll take care of this! Go!"

A blast of purple hit the water. Dagur saw the Night Fury and Hiccup was holding a shield and a dagger and running right for it. The Night Fury turned.

Dagur grabbed a crossbow and aimed it at the Night Fury. It was a difficult shot. The ship was moving quickly from shore because of the men rowing and rocking back and forth. The target was moving as well. Dagur aimed and fired.

In the meantime, to keep up appearances, Grim ran for Toothless to "assist" Hiccup. He raised his sword and was about to swing, making sure he would miss completely, when something hit him in the shoulder. Grim screamed like Deathshriek would and collapsed.

"Grim!" cried Hiccup. He gave the hand signal to Toothless to hide. Hiccup knelt down. "Are you okay?"

Grim was curled up on the dock, grunting and moaning in what was sounding like dragon cursing.

"What happened?" Stoick raced over to them. "I thought I heard Thornado."

Thornado popped up from the water and landed on the docks. He grunted at Stoick and looked at Grim.

Gobber followed Stoick.

Hiccup looked up at them. "Something hit him."

Toothless came out of hiding.

Gobber helped turn Grim over. "Here's the problem." He picked up a crossbow bolt from the dock. Gobber looked at the Berserker ships that were barely in sight. "Quite the shot, whoever fired. It was probably meant for Toothless."

Grim got to his knees and started taking off his tunic. There was a nasty blood pocket on his shoulder forming just under the skin.

"Better get you to Gothi," said Stoick.

"This is a sturdy bolt," Gobber observed. "Should have run you through, lad."

"Deathshriek's scales placed over Gronkle scales," Grim explained through gritted teeth.

Deathshriek landed on the docks and cooed to Grim. Grim got onto Deathshriek's back.

"Grim," said Hiccup.

Grim turned to him.

"Good job," Hiccup said.

Grim gave a nod.

Deathshriek took off to fly to Gothi's hut.

Gothi treated Grim's shoulder with poultices and wrapped it. His arm would be in a sling for a day or so.

Grim left after she was finished and found Hiccup saddling Toothless again.

Toothless knocked Hiccup down and started mercilessly licking him.

"Okay, bud," Hiccup sputtered. "I'm glad to see you, too. We've only been separated for a day."

Toothless looked at him with his large green eyes and made an irritated growl.

"What, bud?" asked Hiccup.

"He said, 'A day's more than enough for you to get into trouble.'"

Hiccup started and turned to the sound of Grim's voice.

"I thought you would go get Deathshriek," said Hiccup.

Grim opened his mouth and let out a dragon roar. His roar was answered and Deathshriek flew into view.

"Of course, you just roar for him," said Hiccup.

"\*\*Everything is taken care of, Grim,\*\*" Deathshriek informed his

human friend. "Grindheart is willing to give Toothless a chance."

Toothless snorted. "What makes you think I'll ever be friends with that dragon?"

Deathshriek calmly looked at Toothless. "Because he is willing. The least you can do is give him a chance."

Hiccup couldn't understand what the dragons were saying and turned to Grim. The look on Grim's face was enough for Hiccup. "How are you feeling?" He pointed to the sling.

"I will need a sling for a few days," said Grim. "I will be fine."

"That's good," said Hiccup. "Come on, bud. Let's go home." He jumped onto Toothless' saddle and they flew off.

Grim and Deathshriek exchanged looks.

"Do you think this is going to go well?" Grim asked.

Deathshriek snorted. "Hardly. But I believe if we give them all a chance, everything will be well."

Grim crawled onto Deathshriek's back. "I hope so."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I brought back the Whispering Death. I thought it would be a good idea to have him back just for the fun of it and I had to introduce Dagur in some way. I thought why not have another dragon attack, this one seeming a little more authentic. Opinions on bringing back Toothless' nemesis as a good guy or at least someone not trying to wreck Berk again are welcome.<strong>

## 5. Chapter 5

"Thank you to the people who have reviews and favorited this story so far. This chapter features some dragon language that could seem a little odd if you aren't very knowledgable with the How To Train Your Dragon movie and television series. The language involves some insults the dragons have come up with. Please review at the end of the chapter."

\* \* \*

><p>Over the course of the next week, Grindheart tried to adjust to life with the dragons of Berk. He mostly stayed away from everyone, preferring to be underground than above, especially with the sunlight.<p>

Toothless was less than thrilled with having Grindheart around, but was somewhat pleased with the current arrangement. As long as Grindheart stayed away from him and Hiccup, he didn't worry about things too much.

Stoick wasn't happy when Grim introduced the Whispering Death to the rest of the village. Hiccup had to give Grim credit; the teen didn't flinch from his father's wrath, but stood calmly and waited for Stoick to stop his shouting before quietly explaining that Grindheart wasn't as big a threat as they thought he was.

"You're insane," Hiccup commented to Grim as they walked up the path to their house.

"Not the first time I've been called that," Grim said coolly.

"And probably not the last," Hiccup added.

Grim smiled at this.

Hiccup looked at the sky. "We have dragon training in an hour. Is there anything you want to do?"

Grim thought for a minute. "I have one idea."

\* \* \*

><p>An hour later they were at the Academy with Grindheart. The Whispering Death hid in dragon stables to keep out of the light.</p>

The rest of the dragon riders came.

"So what are we doing today?" asked Fishlegs.

Hiccup smiled. "Today we are learning about Whispering Deaths."

From the dark, Grindheart growled.

"You brought him in here?" cried Astrid. She glared at Hiccup and Grim.

Grim kept his cool. "You'll have to learn about them at some point. Why not today?"

Ruffnut and Tuffnut looked at each other.

"This is going to be good," said Tuffnut.

"Okay, what does Bork say about Whispering Deaths?" Hiccup asked.

"That they only know killing," replied Fishlegs. "They have several rows of teeth that rotate and can drill through solid rock. They are able to shoot rings of fire and shoot spikes. Whispering Deaths do not like sunlight and prefer to remain underground."

"Very good, Fishlegs," said Hiccup.

Grindheart hissed.

Grim turned to the Whispering Death.

"\*\*Smart human boy,\*\*" Grindheart commented.

Grim gave a subtle nod.

"\*\*He rides the Gronkle. He likes us Stone Lovers.\*\*"

Grim gave another nod.

Grindheart began to slither his way out of the stables. The sun was blocked out enough for him to come out into the open.

Fishlegs whimpered and backed up as Grindheart came up to him. Meatlug moved beside her rider protectively. At the same time, Grim walked over to Grindheart. The Whispering Death stopped in front of Fishlegs.

"Um, Grim," Fishlegs whispered. "What should I do?"

Grim had a faint smile on his face. "What would you do?"

"I'm thinking about wetting my pants right about now," Fishlegs answered.

Grim chuckled.

Fishlegs lifted his hand and held it out to Grindheart. Grindheart pressed his teeth against Fishlegs' hand.

"\*\*Tell him to scratch at my teeth,\*\*" Grindheart told Grim.

Grim wasn't sure where this was going, but Grindheart was enjoying Fishlegs' company. "Fishlegs, scratch his teeth."

Fishlegs stared at Grim like he lost his mind.

"It's all right," Grim encouraged.

Fishlegs looked at Grindheart and hesitantly began scratching at the dragon's teeth. Grindheart purred at the scratching. Fishlegs smiled and began to scratch more confidently.

"I bet you love to have your teeth brushed," Fishlegs said with a smile.

"\*\*Oh, yes, that would be wonderful,\*\*" Grindheart said. "\*\*Clean teeth!\*\*"

Grim laughed. "I think he would like that very much."

"Yeah, yeah," Snotlout sneered. "Let's go flying. I want to beat you all."

Grim chuckled. "A race, Snotlout? Don't you know that you can't beat a Night Fury?" He looked over at Toothless, the Night Fury having a smug look on his face. "And you've yet to best Deathshriek in speed."

Hookfang snorted. "\*\*\*Let the pompous fool believe he can win. It makes things more entertaining for me.\*\*\*"

Grim fought to keep from laughing. He turned to Hiccup and the others.

"I'm all for a race," said Astrid.

"Me, too," said Fishlegs. He turned his attention back to Grindheart, who was still pressing against his hand. "I'll give you a good brushing later."

Grindheart grunted in approval and slithered back into the dark of the dragon stables.

"Let's go," said Hiccup. He raced over to Toothless and swung himself into the saddle. They flew out of the Academy with Grim and Deathshriek closely following them, Grim letting out a dragon roar as they flew.

\* \* \*

><p>In the evening, they all ate at the great hall.</p>

Astrid noticed there was something strange about Grim. In fact, she had noticed it a while ago, but didn't say anything. He had a way with dragons that Hiccup didn't. It was like he could understand them. She guessed it came with living with dragons for two years, but she thought it could be something more.

"Grim."

Grim turned to Astrid.

"I have something I need to ask you," said Astrid.

"What is it?" Grim asked.

"Can you understand dragons?"

The entire table went silent. Hiccup stared at Astrid.

Grim looked up at her with his pure blue eyes.

"Astrid," Hiccup said.

Grim lifted his hand for silence. Hiccup couldn't stop the thought of how much of a prince Grim looked like at the moment.

"Can you talk to dragons?" Fishlegs asked quietly.

"Yes."

They stared at him.

"What?" Tuffnut asked.

"Yes, I can speak to dragons," Grim said. "I understand them and they understand me."

There was silence at the table.

"But how?" asked Fishlegs. "Dragon calls are one thing, but carrying on a conversation is -."

"What, impossible?" Grim finished. "When you're alone for two years with only dragons for company, you learn how to do the impossible quickly. I learned it out of necessity."

"Can you teach us?" asked Ruffnut.

Grim sighed. "Like I said, I learned it out of necessity."

"Who else knows about this?" asked Astrid.

"Only Stoick," replied Grim.

"Why didn't you tell us earlier?" asked Fishlegs. "We can make great progress with the Book of Dragons. Can you imagine what you can do with your talent?"

"Yes," replied Grim. "And it is exactly why I have been keeping it a secret. Do you know what would happen to me if Alvin found out about my talent?"

"He didn't know?" Hiccup asked.

Grim shook his head. "Alvin saw a dragon rider who was riding a Baleful Banshee. I never shared I could speak to dragons."

Fishlegs' shoulders fell. "I see what you mean."

There was a dragon roar from outside.

Grim jerked. "Something's wrong." He ran for the great hall doors.

The dragons were roaring, signaling something was amiss. The dragon trainers ran out of the great hall and saw a gray and orange Nightmare looking for a place to land. The other dragons were trying to keep it away, blowing fire and shooting spikes at it. The Nightmare's moves were shaky and it looked like it hadn't eaten in a long time.

"What's wrong with that Nightmare?" asked Tuffnut.

"It looks like it's sick," said Fishlegs. He went into a panic. "We have to keep it away from the other dragons. We don't know why it's sick. We can't risk our dragons getting sick."

"Fishlegs is right," said Hiccup.

"No." They turned to Grim. His face was stony. "It's not sick, it's starved."

Grim stepped away from the group. Deathshriek followed Grim. Grim let out a roar like Deathshriek's to get the other dragons' attention.

"\*\*Back away from the invader,\*\*" Grim called to them. "\*\*What business do you have here, invader?\*\*"

The Nightmare collapsed to the ground in front of Grim and Deathshriek. It looked at Deathshriek. "\*\*\*I seek refuge in your flock, great leader.\*\*\*"

Deathshriek inclined his head in peaceful greeting. " \*\*Why do you seek refuge on Berk, Nightmare?\*\* "

" \*\*From a Queen. One whose rule reaches south of here. We starve. She grows fat. We are few now,\*\* " the Nightmare answered.

At the mention of a Queen, the other dragons who had gathered growled in anger and fear.

Hiccup and the others came down to find out what was happening.

"What's it saying, Grim?" Ruffnut asked.

"Shh."

"Ha!" Snotlout barked. "I don't think he can understand them. I don't think he can understand dragons at all."

Several dragons, including Toothless, snarled at Snotlout.

Grim growled for silence.

The Nightmare looked at Grim. " \*\*You speak our language? A human?\*\* "

" \*\*Yes,\*\* " replied Grim.

" \*\*You are worthy of many things, including rule here,\*\* " the Nightmare said.

" \*\*We do not rule,\*\* " said Grim. He stepped aside to reveal Hiccup. " \*\*This is Hiccup, the dragon trainer of the island.\*\* "

The Nightmare looked at Hiccup and purred a greeting.

Hiccup put his hand out to pet the Nightmare. The dragon shrank back a little.

" \*\*He's safe,\*\* " said Deathshriek. " \*\*But do not bite! The boy is guarded by the Night Fury.\*\* "

The Nightmare froze, eyes flicking over to look at Toothless.

" \*\*The boy's father is the chief, the leader of this island,\*\* " Deathshriek continued.

The new dragon had drawn a crowd by now. Stoick and Gobber pushed their way through to see.

"Hiccup," Stoick called. "What's going on?"

" I'm not sure," said Hiccup. "Grim and Deathshriek have been talking to this Nightmare. They haven't translated anything to us yet."

Stoick turned his attention to Grim. "What does it say, Grim?"

"\*\*What is your name?\*\*" Grim asked the Nightmare.

"\*\*Ember-Ash,\*\*" the Nightmare replied.

"\*\*Ember-Ash, meet Stoick the Vast, chief of Berk,\*\*" Grim introduced. He motioned to Stoick. "Stoick, this is Ember-Ash, a dragon seeking a safe haven from a Queen dragon."

"Another Death?" asked Astrid.

"Where?" asked Stoick.

"To the south," Grim replied.

Toothless and Deathshriek cooed at the weak Nightmare.

"Will someone get this dragon two baskets of fish?" Grim called out.

"We'll get them," said the twins.

"I bet I can carry more," said Tuffnut.

"You're on," said Ruffnut.

"Just go!" Astrid yelled at them.

The twins hurried off to get the two baskets to fish.

Grim continued to talk to Ember-Ash.

"Grim," said Stoick.

Grim glanced at Stoick. "Yes?"

"Is there anything we can do for this dragon?" Stoick inquired.

"He needs to be fed," Grim answered. "It'll take time, but he'll live. \*\*Right, Ember-Ash?\*\*"

Gobber inspected Ember-Ash. "He's small for a Nightmare."

"It's probably from not having enough food," Stoick said.

Grim nodded. He cooed at Ember-Ash. Deathshriek and Toothless added their voices. Ember-Ash put his head down to sleep.

Hiccup petted Ember-Ash's head. The dragon opened his eyes, cooed, and closed them again. "It's okay. We'll see what we can do. Right, Dad?"

"Right, son." Stoick put his hand on Hiccup's shoulder.

"What is this?" screeched a voice.

It startled the dragons and the humans around Ember-Ash.

"Aw, great," groaned Hiccup. "Mildew."

Mildew pushed his way through the crowd and looked at Ember-Ash.

"Another dragon? You're going to risk Berk being destroyed for a single dragon?"

"He needs help!" cried Hiccup.

"Enough," Stoick told Hiccup softly. He turned to Mildew. "The dragon is no threat, Mildew. Even a fool like you can see that."

Mildew scoffed. "You're the fool for thinking you can trust dragons. I still say they'll burn Berk to the ground the first chance they get."

Grim whirled. "You are the closed-minded fool, Mildew," he snarled in a dragon like manner.

Mildew shrank back from Grim.

Hiccup stepped between the two, mostly because of Deathshriek was growling at the old Viking. "Grim's right. Just because you don't like dragons doesn't mean they have to suffer because of you."

"I'm just looking out for the welfare of Berk," Mildew sneered.

Stoick had to physically restrain Grim from pouncing on Mildew.

The dragons snarled and growled and advanced on Mildew.

"Grim, call them off!" Stoick ordered.

Grim hissed and the dragons reluctantly told the dragons to stand down.

Mildew stared. "You can speak to dragons," he said in a small voice.

"Yes, I can," said Grim. "Because I took the time to understand them."

Mildew took a step back and then another. "Demon! I knew it! I knew you were lying!"

"Shut up, Mildew!" snapped Stoick.

Mildew continued his ravings. One caught Grim particularly harsh: "Monster!"

Deathshriek caught Grim's flinch. The Baleful Banshee turned to Mildew and flashed his white facial markings with a hiss. The dragon then turned to his friend and escorted him away from the scene.

"\*\*The loathsome, despicable, guts of an eel man!\*\*" Deathshriek growled. "\*\*He needs to learn some respect. Especially how to respect a prince!\*\*"

"\*\*Deathshriek, not another word about that,\*\*" Grim commanded lowly.

"Grim," Hiccup said.

"Hiccup, I'll be staying with Ember-Ash," Grim said. "He needs a place to sleep. If someone can prepare space in the stables for him, it would be helpful. The twins are getting the fish."

"We'll take care of it," said Hiccup. "Just calm down."

Grim paused and looked over his shoulder at Hiccup. He kept walking.

"Yeah, not the best thing to say," Hiccup grumbled.

"\*\*Agreed,\*\*" Toothless added.

"\*\*Leave him be,\*\*" Deathshriek said. "\*\*He needs time to gather his thoughts.\*\*"

Toothless turned to Deathshriek. "\*\*Should you go after him?\*\*"

"\*\*He'll be fine,\*\*" said Deathshriek. "\*\*We should stay with Ember-Ash and get him to the stables.\*\*"

Toothless nodded in agreement.

They moved Ember-Ash to the stables and the twins brought him to baskets of fish. Deathshriek and Hookfang settled in the stables to stay with Ember-Ash for the night. Hookfang made it clear to Snotlout that he was staying there for the night. The larger Nightmare encouraged the smaller one to eat as much as he could without getting sick and try to sleep.

Grim returned later in the night to sleep in the stables.

Deathshriek heard his human friend come in and looked up at him. "\*\*Come here, Grim. You need your sleep as well.\*\*" The Baleful Banshee lifted a wing for Grim to crawl under. Many times Grim had fallen asleep beneath his dragon's wings.

"\*\*What should I do?\*\*" Grim asked.

"\*\*Do? Why, Grim, do you plan on going south to face the Queen?\*\*" Deathshriek asked with mock surprise.

"\*\*You know me too well,\*\*" said Grim.

"\*\*You will not go alone,\*\*" Deathshriek added.

"\*\*I could be leading you to your death,\*\*" Grim pointed out.

"\*\*Grim, you know I'll follow you anywhere,\*\*" Deathshriek said.

Hookfang lifted his head. "\*\*A Queen can be taken down. We've done it before. We can do it together.\*\*"

Grim crawled over to peer out from under Deathshriek's wing. "\*\*You don't have to fight with us.\*\*"

"\*\*We want to,\*\*" Hookfang said. He looked down at Ember-Ash who was asleep. "\*\*I want to. We may be fierce, but we Nightmares do look out for one another. If it helps Ember-Ash, I'm willing to fight.\*\*"

Grim stared up at Hookfang. He smiled and burrowed himself under Deathshriek's wing. "\*\*\*It's your choice.\*\*\*"

Hookfang grunted and put his head down.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup woke up and went down to the stables to see Ember-Ash. He found Grim gathering supplies.</p>

"Grim, where are you going?" asked Hiccup.

"Deathshriek and I are going south," Grim replied.

"What?" cried Hiccup. "What about Ember-Ash? Why are you leaving now? You can't! We need you here."

Grim turned to Hiccup with a calm face. "Hiccup, we won't be gone long. We are only going south to see where the Queen is."

"Oh, just to see where the Queen is," Hiccup said sarcastically. "It's a Death, Grim."

"I know that," Grim said. He sighed. "Hiccup, I'll side with dragons before I side with humans. I want to help them and so does Deathshriek. Hookfang told me last night he's willing to fight, too. Ember-Ash will be fine while I'm gone. Hookfang and the other dragons will take care of him and get him back to full strength. We're only going south to see where this Queen, this Death, is."

Hiccup sighed. "Dad's not going to like this."

"He doesn't have to," Grim said coldly.

"What about being brothers?" Hiccup asked, hurt.

Grim wrapped one arm around Hiccup. "I will return, Hiccup. Don't worry about that."

Grim gave a screech. Deathshriek flew down from the sky and landed beside Grim. Grim shoulder the bag with his supplies. He climbed up on his dragon.

Remembering his father, Hiccup asked frantically, "What do I tell Dad?"

"The truth," Grim replied.

Deathshriek flapped his wings and they flew away.

Hiccup watched them disappear before walking back to the house.

Toothless greeted him happily. Hiccup reached up and patted the Night

Fury halfheartedly. Toothless warbled worriedly.

"I'll be okay, bud," Hiccup replied.

He went into the house. "Dad."

Stoick was carving a duck. "Hiccup, how's the visiting dragon?"

"He's okay," Hiccup said sullenly.

Stoick looked up from the wooden duck. "What's wrong, son?"

"Grim and Deathshriek are gone," Hiccup told him. "They flew south to see if they could find the Death."

"What?" Stoick boomed, on his feet. "Gather the other riders. We're going after him."

Hiccup ran to stop Stoick from going outside and getting on Thornado. "Dad, stop."

"Hiccup, I'm not going to let one of my sons fly off on a suicide mission," said Stoick. "Do you remember when you went after a Death?"

Hiccup's face turned into a dark frown. "Yeah." He slammed his fake leg on the floor. "Do you?"

Stoick was a bit hurt by the comment.

Hiccup calmed himself with a sigh. "This time's different. We know what we're facing. The dragons are willing to fight the Death. Ember-Ash will get his strength back with help from us. Grim told me Hookfang said Nightmares will help each other in times of need. We're not charging blindly into battle. Grim and Deathshriek have gone on ahead to gather information about this Death and the other dragons. They'll be okay."

Stoick blinked.

Hiccup gave a nervous chuckle and rubbed the back of his neck. "Besides, I don't think we'll catch up with Deathshriek now. Maybe Toothless can, but Deathshriek knows how to ride the wind."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So Grim and Deathshriek are flying south to find the Death and the village now knows that Grim can speak to dragons. The next chapter will probably be up some time this week, but I don't want to post two chapters in one day. Anyone care to guess exactly where "south" is? I'll give you a hint: Crossover. Feel free to leave your guesses on the review board along with your opinions.<br>\*\*

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*Thank you, everyone who have found this story enjoyable. I know I am posting this as a completed story, but there is a reason for that.

Check the author's note below for more details.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Every day after Grim left, Hiccup would stand out on the cliffs and looked for Deathshriek's dark form in the sky. Toothless would stay with Hiccup during this time. Sometimes they would go flying and look for them as well.</p>

Ember-Ash was regaining his strength. When Snotlout couldn't find Hookfang, chances were the larger Nightmare was with Ember-Ash.

Hiccup and Toothless walked back to the village.

"Well, well."

Hiccup turned to Mildew. "Go away, Mildew. I really don't want to talk to you."

"Aw, is someone upset because I exposed their friend as the monster he is?" Mildew cooed.

Hiccup froze.

"A demon like him shouldn't have been allowed on Berk in the first place," Mildew said.

"He's not a demon," Hiccup said. "He's not a monster."

"A boy who can speak to dragons isn't a monster?" Mildew asked.  
"That's like saying a boy who trains dragons isn't a traitor."

Hiccup whirled around and lunged at Mildew. They both went down in a heap and Hiccup took a swing at Mildew. Toothless was stunned by the display of his rider.

"That's my brother you're talking about!" Hiccup yelled.

Toothless retracted his teeth and bit Hiccup with his gums. He pulled the irate young Viking off the despicable old man and put himself in between the two. Toothless snarled at Mildew. Mildew flinched back. Toothless turned to Hiccup and ushered him away.

"Your father will hear about this!" Mildew screeched.

Toothless aimed a plasma blast at Mildew's feet and kept walking.

Hiccup's face was still flushed when he reached the forge.

"Hiccup, what happened to you, lad?" Gobber asked, glancing over his shoulder as he continued to work.

"Mildew."

Gobber was a little taken aback by Hiccup's dark tone.

"He insulted Grim," Hiccup said. He gave a sheepish smile and rubbed

the back of his neck. "And I may have punched him a couple times."

"You punched Mildew?" Gobber busted out laughing. "I didn't think you had it in you, lad. It's about time."

Hiccup laughed a little. "It would have been much worse if Toothless hadn't pulled me off him."

"What started it all?" asked Gobber.

"Mildew called me a traitor and called Grim a monster," Hiccup said.

Gobber put what he was working on down and turned to Hiccup. "You're not a traitor, Hiccup. And Grim isn't a monster. Mildew doesn't like change. I wouldn't take it to heart too much. But good job."

"Do you think Dad will be mad?" Hiccup asked.

"I'd say he be more proud than mad," Gobber said.

Hiccup gave a lopsided smile.

Toothless warbled, wanting to fly.

"Okay, I'm coming," said Hiccup.

The two of them flew around the island. A hissing noise from below alerted them. The clouds blocked out the sun enough today for Grindheart to fly around the island with the rest of the dragons. It was odd for the Whispering Death to be flying out in the open. Grindheart flew up to them and hissed to Toothless. It wasn't menacing, but questioning. Toothless growled back. The two shared a brief conversation before Grindheart left to return underground.

"There are some days I wish I could understand you like Grim can," Hiccup said, a little depressed.

Toothless flicked his ear fin and slapped Hiccup.

"Hey! What was that for?" Hiccup asked.

Toothless warbled.

"Yeah, yeah." Hiccup gasped. He looked down at Toothless. The Night Fury was smiling.

They circled around one more time before landing at the Dragon Academy. The others were practicing hand signals with their dragons. Ember-Ash was resting in a sunny corner watching them.

"Hiccup, where have you been?" asked Astrid.

Hiccup slid off Toothless' back. "I was talking to Gobber."

Fishlegs hurried over to him. "Hiccup, check out what I taught Meatlug." He turned around to his Gronkle. "Okay, girl. Show them what you got."

Fishlegs twirled his hands. Meatlug flew into the air and corkscrewed several times before landing sloppily because she was dizzy.

"Good girl," Fishlegs praised.

Hiccup smiled faintly at their antics.

Astrid frowned at Hiccup. She punched him in the arm.

Hiccup grabbed his arm. "Ow! What?"

"What's wrong, Hiccup?" Astrid asked. "And don't lie or I'll hit you harder."

Hiccup sighed. "I'm just worried about Grim."

Astrid smiled. "Grim will be fine. He's lived with dragons. This is probably nothing for him."

"That doesn't make me feel better," said Hiccup.

"Yeah, Hiccup lost a leg to a Death," Tuffnut said.

"Thanks, Tuff," Hiccup said sarcastically. "I forgot how I lost my leg."

"If Grim needs help, he'll come to me," said Snotlout.

"I'm sure he will," muttered Hiccup.

A booming roar alerted the dragon trainers. They looked up to see Thornado flying towards them with another dragon in tow.

"Is that Deathshriek?" Ruffnut said.

"It is!" yelled Hiccup. "He's back!"

"All right!" cheered Tuffnut.

Thornado and Deathshriek swooped through the main gate. Stoick jumped off Thornado's back and ran over to Deathshriek. He carefully helped Grim off the dragon's back.

The other dragon trainers gathered around them.

"What happened?" gasped Astrid.

Deathshriek had damaged to his side and back, but his wings were untouched. He also was missing a few scales from his face, revealing the soft skin beneath. Grim was in worse shape. He couldn't stand without Stoick's help and his dragon scale tunic was ruined. His pale skin was raw in several places.

"Dad, where'd you find him?" cried Hiccup, trying to get a better look at his brother.

"We came across them while we were doing a patrol of the island," said Stoick. "Grim could barely stay on Deathshriek."

"Grim, what happened?" asked Hiccup.

Grim raised his head to show the trail of blood from his brow.

"I need to get him to Gothi," said Stoick. "Deathshriek will need tending to. Can you do it, son?"

Hiccup wanted to go with Grim, but understood that Deathshriek was hurt, too. "Yeah, I can do it."

"I'll help," Fishlegs added.

Stoick nodded. He helped Grim onto Thornado's back and they flew to Gothi's hut.

The dragon trainers helped to get Deathshriek bandaged up. The Baleful Banshee was calm and agreeable as they treated his injuries. Toothless and the other dragons hovered around, warbling and cooing, trying to get answers out of him. Deathshriek warbled back at them. The trainers didn't know what Deathshriek told their dragons, but it couldn't be good by the way they were snarling.

Once they were certain Deathshriek would be fine until Gothi finished with Grim and was able to come down to tend to him, Hiccup announced he was going to check on Grim. He jumped on Toothless and flew off.

Stoick was standing in Gothi's hut and away from where she was treating Grim. On the way there, Stoick came across Gobber and told him to meet him at the hut. There was a knock on the door and Gobber entered without waiting for an answer.

"How is he?" Gobber asked.

"Too soon to tell," Stoick replied.

"Does Hiccup know?"

"Aye. I left Deathshriek in his care," said Stoick.

There was a loud banging on the door. "Stoick, I know you're in there. Your dragon's out here."

Gobber groaned. "Mildew."

Mildew barged in and slammed the door behind him. "Do you know what your son did to me this morning?"

"Not now, Mildew," said Stoick.

"Not now?" Mildew parroted. "Your son assaulted me!"

"And from what I hear it was well deserved," Gobber said.

Mildew bristled and was about to give his retort when there was a loud moan from Grim. Since he had been brought in, he had been drifting in and out of consciousness. He started to growl in his throat.

Everyone turned to Grim as the growls became higher in pitch and

sounded like a small animal dying. It was very disconcerting. Gothi hurried to make medicines to ease Grim's pain. Grim began to scream. The sound was inhuman and chilled their blood. It sounded much like Deathshriek's scream.

"He's calling to Deathshriek," Stoick said. He moved to the side of the bed. "Grim, it's okay, lad. You're safe now. You're home."

Grim stopped screaming and opened his eyes. "Stoick?"

"I'm here, son," Stoick said.

"They fight." Grim licked his lips. "They don't just steal for her, they fight for her."

"The Death?"

"The Queen. A true dragon Queen. South in Scotland."

Gothi pushed Stoick away to tend to Grim.

Gobber put his hand on Stoick's shoulder. "Let him rest. We'll move him back to the house later."

Stoick nodded and left Gothi finish her work, pushing Mildew out with them. They found Hiccup and Toothless outside.

"You!" yelled Mildew.

Toothless bared his teeth at the old Viking.

"Is he going to be okay?" Hiccup asked.

"I don't think it's as bad as we first thought," Stoick said. "He needs to rest."

Hiccup nodded.

In the evening, Stoick and Grim walked back to the house. Grim walked through the door under his own power and sat down in a chair by the fire. Hiccup, hearing they were back, ran downstairs, sliding down the last few.

"You're okay!" cried Hiccup. He gave Grim a hug.

"Easy, Hiccup," said Grim, pushing him away. His dragon scale shirt was replaced with a thin tunic. Underneath were layers of bandages. He also had a bandage wrapped around his head, a little blood seeping through at his hairline.

"Sorry," said Hiccup.

Grim smiled. "It's not too bad. I've had worse."

Hiccup smiled. "You won't be working in the forge for a few days."

"Maybe longer," Grim said. "The burns are enough to keep me from my work."

Grim turned to Stoick. "We need to talk."

Stoick nodded. "Hiccup, gather the others. Grim has something he needs to tell you."

Hiccup nodded and went to get the other dragon trainers.

It didn't take long for all of them to be in the Haddock's main room next to the fire.

"So what happened?" asked Astrid.

"And are those going to scar?" Tuffnut asked, admiring Grim's bandages.

Grim took a deep breath. "Deathshriek and I flew south to Scotland. We knew that was where Ember-Ash was from the moment we saw the shore. We searched for any sign of other dragons. We found a few and they were violent. We did find one who helped us. He told us the Queen doesn't just force the dragons to gather food for her, but they fight for her as well as an army. None of them want to be controlled by her, but they cannot fight back in the small number who have been able to defy her."

"Scotland is raided by dragons now," said Stoick.

"They'll need help to fight them," said Grim. "They don't know what to do."

"What about your injuries?" asked Ruffnut. "What dragon did you come across to get those?"

"A Zippelback," replied Grim. "The blows were glancing."

Hiccup looked at Stoick. "Dad, we have to help them."

"They didn't ask for our help," said Stoick.

"So? We can go help them," said Hiccup.

"It's not that easy, son," said Stoick. "If we set foot on Scottish land without permission, it can be seen as an act of war."

"I wouldn't worry so much, Hiccup." Grim had an odd glint in his eye. "They will call for help soon enough. For now, I want to go to bed." Grim got up and went up to his room he shared with Hiccup.

"What's that supposed to mean?" asked Snotlout.

"Sounds like Grim has a plan," said Astrid.

The dragon trainers left and Stoick went to bed. Hiccup went upstairs and found Grim on his bed.

"Grim?" whispered Hiccup. "Are you awake?"

Grim hummed and rolled over. "Yes, brother?"

"What did you mean that Scotland will call for help from us?" asked Hiccup.

Grim smiled. "Exactly what I said. I may have dropped a few words in the right ears while I was in Scotland. It is a full day's flight, a little less with a good wind to ride."

Hiccup crawled into bed. "Good night."

"Good night."

Toothless warbled softly from his slab.

\* \* \*

><p>Grim and Deathshriek healed quickly under Gothi's supervision. Their injuries were not severe, but they were impeded. Deathshriek was tired from the fight with the Zippleback and rushing back with Grim. His scales began growing back the next day. Grim's burns and scratches took longer to heal. He was unable to work in the forge while he was healing. However he gathered scales from Deathshriek to be able to repair his dragon scale shirt.</p>

Two weeks after Grim and Deathshriek returned, Trader Johann returned to port. Everyone went down to the docks to meet him.

"Ah, Berk. My favorite island to visit," Trader Johann announced. "All right, everybody. If there is anything you like, let me know. If you can't find what you're looking for, I'll see if it can find it for my next visit."

Trader Johann spotted the Haddocks and Grim. "Chief Stoick, thank you for letting me trade on your island."

Stoick clapped the trader on the back. "You're always welcome here, Johann."

Grim stepped up with a bundle in his hands. "I believe these are for you. Your payment for the tools."

Trader Johann took the bundle from Grim.

Grim took the top shirt from the pile. "And this is for you. I guessed at the size and made it a little larger if I need to make adjustments. It is easier for me to take away than to add on."

The shirt was a little large for Trader Johann, but it was made from blue and indigo scales.

"Thank you, Master Grim," said Trader Johann.

"Go ahead and try it on," said Grim. "If I have to make alterations, I would like to do them before you leave."

Trader Johann slipped the shirt on over his clothes. The arms were on the long side and the collar needed to be fixed. Grim marked where he needed to make the alterations and took the shirt back.

"I bring news from the south," said Trader Johann. "There are stories of dragons attacking Scotland. They are asking for aid."

Grim smirked.

"I came here as soon as I could," said Trader Johann. "I know you've solved the problem before. Perhaps you can do it for the Scottish. I know they're not your allies."

"We've been waiting for them to call for aid," said Stoick. "A couple weeks ago a dragon from the south came here completely starved. We figured out it came from the south and Grim and Deathshriek went to Scotland and found there is a Death, a Queen dragon there. They came back two weeks ago with injuries."

Trader Johann turned to Grim.

"We're fine," said Grim. "Deathshriek got me back to Berk."

Trader Johann turned back to Stoick. "I thought you would like to know."

"Thank you, Johann," said Stoick. "Will you be staying for a few days? You came here so quickly that we are happy to give you a place to stay."

"I will take you up on that, Stoick," said Johann. "I'll return to Scotland and tell them Berk will answer their call for aid afterwards."

"Thank you, Johann," said Stoick. "It'll give us time to prepare for our trip."

"We're going to help them?" asked Hiccup.

"Aye, that we are," said Stoick. "And we have a lot of work to do before we leave. Get the others, Hiccup, Grim. We're going need all the help we can get."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Scotland, here we come! The next part of this story will be continued in the How To Train Your DragonBrave section under the title Brave Dragon Riders. Please review!\*\*

End  
file.